


75 CENTS

NOVEMBER 10, 1975

TIME[®]

A close-up portrait of Sarah Caldwell, a woman with shoulder-length, wavy, light brown hair. She is wearing thin, wire-rimmed glasses and a dark, possibly black, top. Her expression is serious and contemplative, looking slightly off-camera to the left. The background is a dark, solid color.

*Sarah
Caldwell*

*Music's
Wonder Woman*



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Look at the specifications. 20 watts per channel minimum continuous power, 40Hz — 20kHz, with maximum total harmonic distortion 0.8% at 8 ohms. That's real power to give you smooth response and crisp, clean, perfect sound. The FM sensitivity is an exceptional 1.9uV. And the capture ratio is an extraordinary 1.0dB.

Look at the price. Under \$300*, including the cabinet. Fantastic!

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*The value shown is for informational purposes only and includes a cabinet with optional upgrade error free and side meters. The actual ready price will be set by the individual Pioneer dealer at his option.

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A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Having recently handled some strenuous assignments like the anti-busing demonstrations, TIME's Boston bureau chief Sandra Burton thought she might have a relatively peaceful time in reporting this week's cover story on Sarah Caldwell. She was soon to discover what the opera impresario means when she asks "200%" of herself and everyone around her. After attending a Caldwell production of *The Barber of Seville* in Manchester, N.H., Burton had to get up at 5 a.m. the next day to fly with her subject to Mexico City. Caldwell's purpose: to look into Aztec culture for her forthcoming production of Roger Sessions' opera *Montezuma*.

Caldwell, who had had only one hour of sleep, fortified herself with six cups of coffee and then began digging into all aspects of the

RICK SMOLAN



BURTON INTERVIEWS CALDWELL

Aztec past. "Is there a sacrificial stone?" she demanded at the National Museum of Anthropology. And when the guide led her to a model of the giant pyramid where human sacrifices had been performed, she wanted to know more: "Where did they put the hearts?" The guide led her to a statue of a crouching lion, which bore on its back a vessel that once contained the victims' still-beating hearts.

After leaving the museum Burton stuck with Caldwell's rapid pace as she and her entourage swept on into the hills outside the city to discuss with an ethnologist such questions as whether Montezuma's throne would be gothic or bucket-shaped, and whether Mexican Indians did or did not whoop like American Indians.

Then back to the city to find some designers to make costumes for 36 Spanish soldiers, 18 Indian peasants, two dancing girls, eleven sacrificial victims ("They'll be cheap," she remarked, "because they don't wear much"). The next day, Burton again had to get up before dawn because Caldwell wanted to watch the first rays illuminate the Pyramid of the Sun, but when she found the national monument barred, she rushed on to a nearby marketplace. "It's easier to make contact with a foreign civilization through things we are familiar with ourselves," she said. In New York Reporter-Researchers Nancy Newman, Gail Eisen and Heyden White talked to many of Caldwell's associates, and Music Critic William Bender wrote the story. Senior Editor Martha Duffy, an opera buff, delighted in getting the assignment to edit Bender's story (and Staff Writer Joan Downs' accompanying report on women composers and conductors) because she is, as she puts it, a "Caldwell fan." But then, who isn't?

Ralph P. Davidson

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Should New York Be Saved?

To the Editors:

I say let New York [Oct. 20] fall flat on its face

Mike Buhmiller
Kalispell, Mont

I am for letting New Yorkers fend for themselves

Teresa M Brodeur
Worcester, Mass

New York City is a disgrace to democracy

Jim Madison
Denver

For decades, the rest of America and the world expected the Big Apple to be

the drain. Manhattan is not just an island; it is a part of our heritage. Have we forgotten how to be proud of it?

Virginia Hick
University City, Mo

You cited the sizable salaries earned in New York City. You failed to mention the high cost of living, however. After one summer of Manhattan's rents and grocery bills, I appreciate California for more than its sunshine

Cheri Peterson
Fullerton, Calif

The more things change, the more they stay the same. Your cover depicting Mayor Beame as a tramp asking for



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the prime source of sustenance for the poor, homeless, huddled masses. Now, because it's gone broke trying to fulfill the American dream for so many, we turn our backs.

The blame isn't just New York's. It's also America's

(Mrs.) Susan L. McVey
Walkersville, Md

As America has rebuilt many of the greatest cities in Europe, shouldn't it help its own?

Pamela Loses
Totnes, England

Asking the Federal Government to help New York City get out of debt is comparable to the blind leading the blind

Carol Wallace
Effingham, Ill

As a member of the college generation of the '60s, I feel strange talking about something as unfashionable as national pride, but that is what is at stake here. We can't let our biggest, most adventurous, most exciting city go down

a handout is a duplicate of a cartoon in Judge magazine in 1890 portraying New York City as a beggar

Don A. Mayerson
New York City

I am not surprised New York City is broke. Next door to me on the beach in Hawaii are two ex-New York City firemen who are drawing lifetime pensions of \$4,000 and \$13,000 per year respectively from the city. Both of them "fell" off the truck, and now New York City is financing their lifetime vacations of surfing and lying on the beach

Richard W. Griggs
Sunset Beach, Hawaii

Rage Over Rape

"Revolt Against Rape" [Oct. 13] was an interesting article; but, as a male chauvinistic-pig district attorney, I have found that men are far more sympathetic than women to the victims in rape

Judge "Father Knickerbocker, I am ashamed of you. You are the richest city on the continent and yet you continually stand in the attitude of a beggar"

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| 6:45am | L 9:34am | Non-stop | Daily | | 7:45am | 9:50am | Non-stop | Daily | |
| 7:45am | L 10:34am | Non-stop | Excl. Sat. | | 8:45am | 10:45am | Non-stop | Daily | |
| 8:45am | L 11:34am | Non-stop | Daily | | 9:45am | 11:45am | Non-stop | Daily | |
| 9:45am | L 12:34pm | Non-stop | Daily | | 10:45am | 12:00pm | Non-stop | Daily | |
| 10:45am | L 12:35pm | Non-stop | Excl. Sat. | | 11:45am | 1:00pm | Non-stop | Daily | |
| 11:45am | L 2:35pm | Non-stop | Daily | | 12:45pm | 2:00pm | Non-stop | Excl. Sat. | Sun |
| 12:45pm | L 3:32pm | Non-stop | Daily | | 1:12:45pm | 2:01pm | Non-stop | Daily | |
| 1:45pm | E 4:31pm | Non-stop | Daily | | L 1:45pm | 3:00pm | Non-stop | Daily | |
| 1:45pm | L 4:31pm | Non-stop | Daily | | L 2:45pm | 4:10pm | Non-stop | Daily | |
| 2:00pm | L 5:36pm | Non-stop | Excl. Sat. | | L 3:45pm | 5:14pm | Non-stop | Excl. Sat. | |
| 2:45pm | L 5:36pm | Non-stop | Excl. Sat. | | L 4:45pm | 6:15pm | Non-stop | Daily | |
| 3:15pm | L 6:00pm | Non-stop | Daily | | E 5:45pm | 7:10pm | Non-stop | Daily | |
| 4:45pm | E 7:18pm | Non-stop | Daily | | L 5:45pm | 7:16pm | Non-stop | Daily | |
| 4:45pm | L 7:43pm | Non-stop | Excl. Sat. | | L 5:55pm | 7:26pm | Non-stop | Daily | |
| 5:45pm | L 8:41pm | Non-stop | Daily | | L 6:45pm | 8:12pm | Non-stop | Daily | |
| 6:45pm | L 9:37pm | Non-stop | Daily | | L 7:45pm | 9:09pm | Non-stop | Daily | |
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If you're running late, we have specially trained Passenger Relations Agents like Pamela Sonjo to get you to your gate area at O'Hare a little faster. We like to think of them as pilots for business travelers who have to fly on the ground. So next time you're planning a trip to New York, call your Travel Agent or Corporate Travel Department and ask them to put you on the airline with the best service to New York. TWA.

TWA

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*According to Civil Aeronautics Board statistics for the January-July period TWA has had the best on time performance record between Chicago and New York.



The American Table, Part II.

Five-piece place settings of
International Pewter: \$14.50 each.

Five-piece place settings of
Oneida Stainless: \$3.75 each.

When you deposit \$250 or more in an American National savings account.

In June of this year, we introduced the American Table. Our first offer, you may remember, was leaded crystal stemware.

Now it's time for the second part of the Table: classic adaptations of colonial American flatware, available both in genuine pewter, and a practical stainless pattern.

Both reflect the traditional beauty and craftsmanship of early America. Both go well not only with a traditional American setting, but also with many other styles as well.

And both are available to our savers, at unusually low prices.

The Pewter.

The pewterware we've chosen for the American Table is made in America, by the International Silver Company.

The handles on all the pieces are pewter. The blades, tines and bowls on the knives, forks and spoons are made of brushed stainless steel, for durability. And all pieces are dishwasher safe.

A five-piece place setting costs just \$14.50, when you put \$250 or more into a new or existing American National savings account.

You can buy as many place settings as you want, up to service for 12, without making any additional deposits. And serving pieces are available at similarly attractive prices.

The Stainless.

In addition to the pewter, we're also offering a stainless steel colonial American pattern for everyday use.

It's called All-American Stainless, and it's made by the Oneida Silversmiths, makers of fine flatware since 1848. The knives are hollow handled and all pieces are completely dishwasher safe.

Like the pewter, the stainless is available at an unusually good price. A five-piece place setting costs just \$3.75, and four five-piece settings are just \$14.50 when you put \$250 or more in a new or existing savings account.

You can get as many as 12 place settings without making any additional deposits. And serving pieces are also available, at unusually low prices.

A chance to serve, and save, in style.

Whether you prefer pewter or stainless, we think you'll agree that both are beautifully made, and excellent values.

So we'd like to invite you to stop by, at either of our two downtown locations, and see them first hand.

Or call us, at 661-6226.

We'll be glad to help you establish a savings program tailored to meet your own particular savings goals.

And at the same time, you'll have a chance to get some extraordinary flatware, at a truly extraordinary price.

In case you missed our first American Table offer, you can still get eight leaded crystal goblets, wine, or champagne glasses for just \$25 when you deposit \$250 or more in a new or existing American National savings account.



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We'd like to help you choose the right color TV. Even if it isn't a Panasonic.

When you plunk down several hundred dollars for a color TV, it had better be the right one. And it can be. With a little information about what to look for when you choose a set.

What to look for in a picture tube.

Don't fall in love with the first picture you see. Look at as many as you can. Side by side. Decide which ones you like best. Then compare their technology. We think a picture tube should have a black matrix around each color dot for greater contrast. You should also have a choice of delta or in-line guns.

Panasonic has both. Another thing to look for is one of the latest developments in picture tube engineering. The Quintrix™ picture tube. With an extra prefocus lens to concentrate and focus the electron beam. For a sharp picture from edge to edge. Panasonic developed it.

What to look for in a chassis.

After you've test-watched the picture, look under the hood. And look for a powerful chassis. Because that can mean a brighter picture. Panasonic sets are about as powerful as you will find. Yet they use about as much electricity as a couple of 75-watt light bulbs.

Then check to see if the chassis is 100% solid state. That means no vacuum tubes to burn out. And greater reliability.

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just slightly ahead of our time.

All Panasonic sets are 100% solid state. And use up-to-date solid-state IC technology. So there's less circuitry. Which means less can go wrong.

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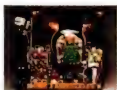
What to look for in controls.

You buy a color TV to watch color TV, not play engineer. Look for one button that controls color, tint, contrast and brightness. Panasonic calls it Q-Lock™. But you should also have the option to control your own picture. So we also include Manual Over-Ride.

What to look for in a warranty.

Look for a long one. While many other manufacturers are cutting back on warranties, every Quatrecolor set still has a 1-year warranty on parts and labor. And a 2-year parts and 1-year labor warranty on the picture tube. Our warranty card spells out the conditions of our limited warranty.

We hope these hints help you choose the right color TV. And who knows? It just might be a Panasonic.



SOLID STATE

PUSH Q-LOCK



"The Quatrecolor with the Quintrix"

politics. President Nyerere of Tanzania is one. I think Moynihan has committed a diplomatic blunder

*Boniface Onibogu
Duisburg, West Germany*

Sinai Skies

Reporter Donald Neff in "Sinai Life Bugs and Bedouinism" [Oct. 20] promises the American technicians in Sinai "swarms of fleas, mosquitoes, scorpions, snakes and Bedouinism."

I served for a year recently as a physician for Bedouins in Sinai. There are extremely few cases of snake and scorpion bites and almost no cases of "Bedouinism" among "civilized" people. The technicians will enjoy the nicest quiet, the most wonderful night skies in the world, and a beautiful climate.

About Bedouins: you can safely leave your car and things in the desert among the Bedouins and find them many days later untouched.

*Moshe Zamir, M.D.
Hines, Ill*

Warrior Kalem

I am amazed at the tone and substance of T.E. Kalem's review of Eric Bentley's new play *Are You Now or Have You Ever Been* [Oct. 6]. If Mr. Kalem were writing in the era of John Foster Dulles, I could better understand his cold warrior rhetoric.

*Bernard E. Hobson
Houston*

T.E. Kalem's review of Eric Bentley's play was the most inspiring in this long, dull moral season. Sometimes one feels that there is only Solzhenitsyn who remembers Stalin, and that the rest of the world is successfully engaged in making a madman out of him for remembering. Eric Bentley's own courage is best defined by his craven conduct during the student uprisings at Columbia in 1968. Kalem's refreshing evocation of the 1950s and defiance of fashion remind me that it was TIME that fingered Lattimore in 1950: simply by quoting from his work.

*William F. Buckley Jr.
New York City*

The Soaked Perfesser

That sporting biography of Casey Stengel [Oct. 13] was a real gem. I have only once been tempted into a ballpark, and that was because Berra, Mantle and Stengel were on hand. On that occasion a detractor with a well-aimed can of beer soaked the perfesser, who dismissed the incident by growling to the ever-present reporter: "Just how it was Pabst!"

*Colin Benbow
Warwick, Bermuda*

Ripley's Believe It or Not!

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TIME, NOVEMBER 10, 1973

AMERICAN NOTES

Terrorism for Whom?

Terrorism seems to have become almost the normal instrument of politics in depressingly many areas of the world—Northern Ireland, Britain, Lebanon, Argentina. Americans often have a hard time understanding the passions behind these debates of death, and can only be grateful that the U.S. has remained largely immune from such anarchic eruptions. But a tiny band calling itself the Armed Forces of Puerto Rican National Liberation (F.A.L.N.) has once again proved that a few obscure fanatics can produce flickers of unexpected terror even in the U.S.

Last week bombs went off at ten widely scattered targets within 40 minutes. Explosions hit the State Department and the Bureau of Indian Affairs in Washington, four banks and the U.S. mission to the United Nations in New York, and three more banks in Chicago; fortunately, no one was injured. A note left in a New York City phone booth declared that all ten bombs were set off by the F.A.L.N. as "a simultaneously coordinated attack against Yanki government."

The rhetoric was tiresome enough, but for whom did it really speak? A blast at Manhattan's Fraunces Tavern last January killed four people, and it too was part of a self-proclaimed F.A.L.N. campaign of violence to gain independence for Puerto Rico. Yet the obscure "army" can claim little support on the island. In the most recent plebiscite held in Puerto Rico, in 1967, 60% of the voters opted for continuation of Puerto Rico's commonwealth status with the U.S., 39% wanted statehood, and less than 1% voted for independence. Indeed, in the 1972 gubernatorial election, the pro-independence candidates got less than 6% of the free vote.

How Many Incompetents?

The stereotypical definition of "illiteracy" has been the simple inability to read and write. But how many Americans are there who lack, as a Government study put it rather harshly last week, "those skills and knowledges which are requisite to adult competence?" The projection provided by the U.S. Office of Education: more than 23 million, or about one adult in five.

Some specifics from an in-depth survey of 1,500 Americans, designed by a University of Texas team:

► 20% of those surveyed did not know the meaning of the sign: "We are an Equal Opportunity Employer."

► 14% could not properly write a bank check.

► 27% were unaware that normal body temperature is 98.6° F.

► 34% believed that police had the right to detain a suspect for as long as a week without bringing charges.

U.S. Commissioner of Education Terrel H. Bell described the findings as "rather startling," and said they "call for some major rethinking of education on several levels."

The Battle That Wasn't

Dreaming up contingency plans is hardly a new exercise for U.S. military officers on dull afternoons, but one stupefying day in 1919 must have been a corker. Searching for topics for his history seminars at the University of Missouri at Kansas City recently, Professor Lawrence H. Larsen discovered a plan drafted by the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers in case it felt obliged to invade, of all places, Canada.

The purpose of the exercise 56 years ago remains murky. Plans for the use of mobile units supported by cannons and heavy guns mounted on railway cars were at the ready, as were lists of seven elaborate strategic options.

Like many not-so-grand plans, this one, of course, was never carried out. There was some comfort—cold or warm?—offered by the Pentagon, which issued a straight-faced statement last week that in its current files "no plans to invade Canada are extant."

Polled Out

As they probe, prod, tickle and test opinion, the pollsters never run out of questions about American political choices, product preferences and psychological hang-ups. But what do the people think about the pollsters? Inevitably, the Gallup poll took a poll—and discovered that 15% of the respondents had participated in earlier public surveys and that 67% felt that the country would be better off if national leaders heeded the polls' results. Alas, those results may be harder to get in the future.

Officials at Gallup and other organizations are growing worried that many Americans are simply refusing to answer survey takers' questions when the bell rings. Says California Pollster Marvin Field: "Twenty years ago we could count on getting 85% [of a selected sample] with reasonable effort. Now we're hard-pressed to get 60%."

Are Americans simply polled out? Have they become mistrustful of being prodded for their private opinions by census takers, market researchers—and pollsters? People may be finding it too anxiety producing to give any answer at all, especially in times like these, when there is rarely a "right" answer.



PRESIDENT GERALD FORD

NEW YORK

The Anguished City Gears for D-Day

Work will stop on \$1 billion in city construction projects, endangering even the renovation of fabled Yankee Stadium. Holders of maturing city securities will be turned away empty-handed. Some of the city's 18 public hospitals will be closed. Subsidies to the Metropolitan Museum, to plays in Central Park and other cultural activities will be cut off. Vendors of "nonessential" city supplies ranging from playground baseball bats to power turbines will not be paid on time. Thousands more—perhaps tens of thousands—city employees will be fired.

These dire events became more and more likely when President Ford vowed emphatically last week "to veto any bill that has as its purpose a federal bailout of New York City to prevent a default." That left city officials with virtually no hope of gaining a federal guarantee of securities that would enable New York to raise some \$4 billion by June 30, the end of the fiscal year. Default is almost assured, either in mid-November if the city cannot raise \$150 million to help meet payrolls and payoffs of securities due then, or during the week of Dec. 8, when the city must redeem \$437.8 million in short-term notes.

In some secrecy, the city is preparing for what anguished officials call D-day. Since early October, a twelve-member team of bankers, businessmen and city officials has been plotting how New York could operate after a default. TIME's New York Bureau Chief Laurence Barrett reports that the committee set six priorities for expenditures. They are, in descending order: 1) police and fire protection and garbage collection, 2) food and shelter for welfare recipients, 3) hospital and emergency medical care for the poor, 4) payment to suppliers of essential goods and services, 5) public schools, and 6) interest on city

debt. In short, cops, firemen, garbage collectors and welfare recipients will get paid first, though perhaps less than usual; teachers and bondholders will be the last on the list to be paid.

According to Presidential Assistant L. William Seidman, Ford decided to speak out because "the possibility of default was becoming a greater threat, and no one wanted to talk about what would follow." In his tough speech Ford blamed New York's plight on "bad financial management" over the past decade, during which the city's expense budget tripled to more than \$12 billion. He warned that a loan guarantee would set "a terrible precedent." Moreover, he said that the primary beneficiaries of a bailout would be "officials who would thus escape responsibility for their past follies [and] the large investors and financial institutions who purchased these securities anticipating a high rate of tax-free return."

Ford's Plan. Instead of federal aid to prevent default, Ford urged Congress to make it easier for the city to go bankrupt. Default would mean that the city could not promptly pay its many loans, bonds, bills and other debts; bankruptcy would mean that a federal court would hold off the city's creditors to give it time to cook up a reasonable schedule for paying them. The President proposed exempting New York from a provision in the federal law that now requires it to win the consent of 51% of its creditors—estimated by bond dealers at 160,000 individuals and institutions—before going bankrupt. Under Ford's plan, after defaulting on loans, city officials would petition the U.S. District Court for the Southern District of New York for a stay of suits by creditors to keep what Ford called the city's "essential" functions from being disrupted.

Then, under supervision of one of

the court's 30 judges, the city would work out a plan for either partial payment or stretching out of its debt. The city would also have to give the court a program for raising taxes or cutting spending to balance its expense budget, which is more than \$600 million in the red this year. When necessary, the court could authorize the issuing of "debt certificates" covering new loans to the city; buyers would be paid off before the holders of the notes and bonds on which the city had defaulted, including Municipal Assistance Corp. (Big Mac) paper, which had been touted as so "secure" and now is down anywhere from 9% to 29 points in price. When somebody questioned Mayor Abraham Beame about the debt certificates, he asked, "Did you say death certificates?"

Ford was deliberately vague on many details. He did not explain why investors would find the debt certificates any more attractive than the city's existing paper, which has been unsalable on the regular bond market for months. Indeed, 27 states prohibit banks, insurance companies and certain other institutions from buying a defaulted municipality's notes and bonds for periods ranging from three to 20 years. The President promised that the Government would cooperate with the court "to assure that police, fire and other essential services for the protection of life and property in New York are maintained." He did not spell out what form that help would take. According to Seidman, Ford believes that keeping these services go-

MAYOR ABRAHAM BEAME



DAILY NEWS HEADLINE ON THE MORNING AFTER THE PRESIDENT'S SPEECH

FINAL

DAILY NEWS

NEW YORK'S PICTURE NEWSPAPER

15¢

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FORD TO CITY: DROP DEAD

The Rockefellers' Pile of Troubles

The painful limits of power have never been felt more keenly by Vice President Nelson Rockefeller and his youngest brother David, chairman of New York's Chase Manhattan Bank. For weeks they had been pleading for federal help to prevent a default by New York City. The personable, thoughtful banker had often traveled to Washington to meet with Ford and to testify before the Senate Banking Committee. His message: the reverberations of default could badly damage the U.S. and world economies. It was David Rockefeller, in fact, who persuaded Brother Nelson to change his mind on aid to New York.



CHASE MANHATTAN'S CHIEF

eventually the Vice President split publicly with Ford.

Last week, after the Rockefellers lost the battle, David was back minding the bank's business, while Vice President Nelson was in Tampa, Fla., acting philosophical about the defeat, a rare event for either Rockefeller. Said Rocky at a press conference: "Like so many things in life, there are different points of view and different appraisals of a similar situation—even after the fact." Thus he continued to disagree with Ford's decision to oppose a federal loan guarantee, even though the Vice President loyally declared that his boss was "in the best position to make an appraisal of what is realistically doable." The split demonstrated the unusual degree of independence that Ford has allowed Rockefeller.

Rocky's aides say that unlike many earlier Veeps, he does not have to clear his speeches with the White House, and did not clear those he made on the subject of New York. Nonetheless, when he told Washington Post Reporter Hobart Rowen last month that default would be a "catastrophe," Ford phoned Rockefeller to protest that this tough

language was too much. After the reprimand, Rockefeller did not use that no-word again, but he continued to make the same points. Reminded last week that Ford had denounced as "scare talk" predictions that default would bring economic catastrophe, Rockefeller bobbed and weaved, then said: "I am just hoping that he is right."

The brothers' defeat came at a difficult time for both. David Rockefeller's soft-selling bank has been outdistanced in assets since 1968 by New York's aggressively expansionist First National City Bank. Nelson Rockefeller has been increasingly attacked by Republican conservatives, who distrust him as an Eastern liberal, even though he has swung sharply to the right in recent years on welfare, drug use and other issues. His stand on New York further alienated the conservatives, stepping up the pressure on Ford to dump him in 1976. Moreover, New York's plight tar-



THE VICE PRESIDENT

nishes his creative if extravagant record as Governor from 1958 through 1973 because New York State must share the blame for the city's financial mess. As Governor, Rockefeller could have blocked some of the financing gimmicks, such as unsound short-term borrowing, that got the city in trouble.

At pains to minimize the damage, Rockefeller stoutly denied that he should bear any responsibility for the city's plight. Said he: "I kept them from getting into this trouble for 15 years, so they should be very grateful for the period that I was there." He also downplayed his differences with Ford. Said Rocky: "I give him the best advice or reactions that I have. But when he makes a decision, that is it. He is the one who is the President." But it looks increasingly doubtful that Nelson Rockefeller will be the one who is the Vice President after January 1977.

ing will not require a federal guarantee of any court-approved debt or direct federal grants. But some congressional critics argue that a New York bankruptcy may wind up costing the Government millions of dollars to maintain essential services, thus providing the "blank check" that Ford said he opposes.

Ford also hoped to exploit his anti-New York stand as a favorable political issue—an issue he sorely needs because Ronald Reagan is challenging him on the right and his own election campaign is mired in ineptitude and internal bickering. By attacking both Democratic big spenders in the bad old city and big bankers of the elitist East, he figured to woo voters in other areas. At the same time, he used New York as a symbol for a countrywide need to make fewer demands of the Government and balance budgets in order to avoid a day of reckoning in Washington like that in New York. He asked, "Who will bail out the United States of America?" Said Assistant Senate Minority Leader Robert Griffin of Michigan: "This will do more for [Ford] than his proposed tax cut and federal spending limitation." Added one high Democrat: "The President hasn't hit the jackpot so well since the *Mayaguez* incident."

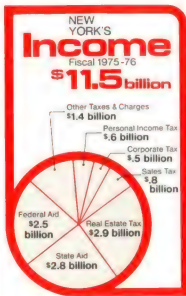
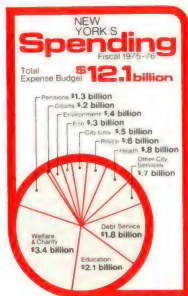
Forcing Cuts. Outside New York, most voters adamantly opposed helping the city. Pollster Albert Sindinger found sentiment running more than 4 to 1 against a federal bailout. On a two-day political trip after his speech, Ford drew laughter, cheers and standing ovations when he derided New York before Republican audiences in Milwaukee and San Francisco.

Even his harshest critics could scarcely deny the accuracy of Ford's attack on New York's mismanagement, featherbedding, political chicanery and long unwillingness to face facts. A bond guarantee coupled with stringent requirements that the city balance its budget might have been a safer and less expensive course of federal action. The Administration made a strong case, however, that default was the only way to force the city's politicians to order the unpopular cuts that are needed.

But Ford was denounced by liberals who especially resented his tone, somewhere between John Calvin and Marie Antoinette. He also wrongly implied that all of New York's more than \$12.2 billion in bonds and notes was held by banks or other fat cats. Estimates vary, but perhaps as many as half of those securities are owned by tens of thousands of Americans from Long Island to Hawaii, including what Chairman Walter Wriston of First National City Bank calls "little old ladies in Sun City," which is normally Ford country.

The President left unspoken the fact

*Last week the financial chairman, David Packard, resigned, perhaps partly because of criticism of his failure to organize a direct-mail fundraising drive. He was the second high official to quit the Ford campaign in recent weeks.



that much of the crisis was caused by factors outside the city's control. For example, New York's welfare budget grew enormously (to \$2.4 billion this year) in part because of migration to the city by Puerto Ricans and poor Southern blacks. The size of these welfare payments, larger than elsewhere in the country, is set by the state and federal governments, not by the city. The recession, which was induced by the Government's anti-inflation policies, cut the city's tax revenues and vastly increased its bill for welfare and other services. Nor did Ford mention the budget cuts already made by the city; firings and attrition since January have reduced New York's full-time work force to 263,311, a drop of 32,211.

Bankers had mixed reactions. California's Bank of America, criticizing Ford, called default "an unacceptable

alternative" that would weaken the economy's recovery and further inflate the federal deficit by forcing the Government to make emergency loans and increase welfare payments. But Wriston called Ford's program "highly responsible" and predicted that "the effects of default are containable" and would have "minimal" impact on major New York banks, which hold a total of \$2 billion in city and Big Mac debt. According to an estimate by Wall Street analysts, Chairman David Rockefeller's Chase Manhattan is worst off, holding \$400 million in city and Big Mac paper because of its commitment to helping New York. Wriston's Citibank reportedly has \$340 million worth, the Chemical Bank \$280 million, Manufacturers Hanover Trust \$240 million, Morgan Guaranty Trust \$210 million, and Bankers Trust Co \$160 million.

These banks are big enough to surmount the shock of default, but some banks outside the city—most of them small—could be in bad trouble. A federal survey found that 53 of the nation's 4,700 national banks hold New York City bonds equal to 40% or more of their capital. Nine of them would probably become insolvent and have to merge with other banks, and 44 could get by with long-term loans from the Federal Deposit Insurance Corp. or the Federal Reserve System. Other Government studies found that 62 of the 9,964 state-chartered banks surveyed hold New York City obligations equal to 50% or more of their capital and would be kept afloat in the same manner as the national banks.

Because of the state's support of the city and the fact that investors have lost confidence in all securities bearing the

Europe's Fear of the Shock Waves

Europeans find New York City's problems hard to understand because they cannot imagine a national government on the Continent allowing one of its major cities to go bankrupt. Amid the puzzlement, however, Europeans were deeply disquieted as they read of President Ford's New York policy.

The greatest worry was that default would retard American—and hence international—economic recovery. Said a high West German official: "President Ford obviously does not understand the implications. A bankruptcy would, at the very best, endanger the U.S. economic rebound and most likely erode faith overseas in the American Government's economic seriousness. The question is whether, after a default, the banks will have the money—and the nerve—to

provide the loans U.S. business needs to fuel the economic recovery." Warned Kurt Richebächer, general manager of the influential Dresdner Bank: "Default would have a considerable impact abroad on confidence in the U.S."

In London, the Wilson government, which has been counting on an American-led world recovery to help get Britain moving again, was profoundly distressed. If New York defaults, said a high Whitehall official, "it's bound to make American banks less willing to lend, and public authorities less willing to spend." The London *Times* called Ford's policy "an act of monumental folly." Editorialized the *Times*: "It is no exaggeration to say that for the financial system of the United States, for the rep-

utation of that country, and for the rest of the non-Communist industrial world, it could be a disaster. That any President should contemplate taking the risks involved indicates that Mr. Ford has not grown in stature with office."

Many European branches of U.S. banks received calls from nervous clients fearful that their deposits are in danger. "They think that a couple of New York banks are going down the drain," said one banking source. Added a French banker: "We had thought the dollar would strengthen into next year, but now because of New York we foresee a weakening dollar through next spring." The apprehensive mood was caught by the French financial daily *Les Echos*: "If a chain of bankruptcies of [U.S.] cities takes place, the credibility of the dollar itself will be under full attack around the world, and the consequences could be incalculable."



TRANSPORTATION ADMINISTRATION WORK CREW RAISING A MANHOLE COVER ON BROADWAY. Ford's tone was somewhere between John Calvin and Marie Antoinette.

New York name, the market for securities issued by New York State and its quasi-independent agencies has collapsed. If the city defaults, the state is expected to follow suit in March or April, when it must raise \$4 billion in short-term borrowing to supply municipalities and counties with aid for schools, welfare and other services. The city's troubles have also made it difficult to impossible for other hard-pressed states and municipalities to sell their notes and bonds. Such is already the case for New Jersey, Massachusetts and Connecticut, and some cities, among them Yonkers, N.Y., and Buffalo.

Gallows Humor. Though Ford's promised veto probably means that Congress will not pass legislation to avoid default, some liberals insisted on trying anyway. The Senate Banking Committee voted 8 to 5 in favor of a bill that would guarantee \$4 billion in loans to New York and put the city, until it balances its budget, under the control of a three-member federal board headed by conservative Treasury Secretary William Simon. More to the point, the House and Senate are expected to act quickly to amend federal bankruptcy laws along the lines suggested by Ford.

Desperately, New York officials considered last-ditch, long-shot proposals to escape default. They debated radical reductions in spending even to the point of cutting all salaries by as much as 25%. They weighed asking the city's 14,000 suppliers to accept 80¢ on the dollar for unpaid bills. Among them: \$7.5 million for electricity in October and \$604,000 for meat served at the city's prisons, hospitals and other institutions. The officials even opened negotiations with trustees of the five city employee pension funds to use their \$8.5 billion in assets as collateral for \$4 billion in loans to the city. The plan was tentatively and reluctantly approved by some union leaders, among them Albert Shanker, the teachers' boss.

But news of the talks outraged many members of Congress because city and

state officials had testified that without federal help, default was inevitable. Fumed Republican Senator Bob Packwood of Oregon: "Those guys sat here and lied to us. I don't think we should bail those liars out." Governor Hugh Carey told congressional leaders that the plan had virtually no hope of succeeding because of legal snarls; indeed, Big Mac Chairman Felix Rohatyn called it a "20-to-1 shot." Even so, the dustup further damaged New York's already bankrupt credibility.

Combative to the last, Carey tried to mobilize New Yorkers to continue fighting Ford. He urged city residents to rally soon, perhaps in Times Square or Central Park, in an "Operation Alive and Kicking." Said he: "We're going to be seen and heard. That's the way New York normally responds when it gets kicked in the groin." But the time for shouting and demonstrating was long past. Rohatyn summed up the situation more accurately with gallows humor: "I feel like somebody who tries to check into a hospital and keeps getting referred to the cemetery." Facing tougher times ahead, New York has only one hope: that its long overdue cutbacks will create a base for its eventual recovery.

THE ARMY

Happy Birthday, Sarge!

In today's all-volunteer Army, the fringe benefits can be very sweet—but apparently not sweet enough for some noncommissioned officers, who have added to their "bennies" by shaking down recruits. Such abuses are gradually being exposed at five of the eight Army bases that are home to basic trainees. Typically in such cases, a recruit was given a weekend pass, allowed to get away with some minor infraction, or awarded a passing grade on a test. In exchange, he had to pay cash to his drill instructor or some other noncom, or perform a service such as washing or waxing a sergeant's car. The bribes

THE NATION



THE NO YORKER

were slyly referred to as "birthday gifts."

Four N.C.O.s have been convicted by courts-martial, and the number is certain to grow. Three of those found guilty were drill instructors at Fort Jackson, S.C. Last week the Army reported that Sergeant First Class David Mitchell had been broken to private and sentenced to five years at hard labor, after which he will be dishonorably discharged. Mitchell, 35, was the first soldier to stand trial for the massacre of Vietnamese civilians at My Lai, and was acquitted in 1970. At Fort Jackson he threatened some trainees with punishment if they did not pay him off—and recommended others for early promotions if they did. In all, he grossed only \$280; his two fellow extortionists, one of whom was also sentenced to hard labor, took in about \$300 each.

Easy Prey. The Army's shakedown capital—so far—has been Fort Leonard Wood, Mo., where 34 sergeants and one second lieutenant were investigated. Eleven of the men under scrutiny (including the lieutenant) have been fully cleared; three others have been cleared but could be recharged. Four are still under investigation, and another four—including a staff sergeant accused of taking \$275—are awaiting their day in court. But twelve have been reprimanded or similarly punished, and Staff Sergeant Marshall Wilhelm has been convicted of receiving about \$60 in shakedown money, fined \$320 and brought down by one grade in rank.

At Fort Polk, La., a specialist fourth class is charged with soliciting \$68 to pay for nonexistent company festivities. Investigations are also under way at Fort Dix, N.J., and Fort Ord, Calif. On all the bases, the Army has shown no interest in disciplining the recruits who paid off. They have been left alone, says an Army spokesman, because their "subservient nature" during training makes them easy prey for shakedown.

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Aged Eight Years



FRANK CHURCH AT SENATE HEARING, SECRETARY OF STATE HENRY KISSINGER & OTIS PIKE AT HOUSE COMMITTEE SESSION

INVESTIGATIONS

Making a Splash, Missing the Point

Chairman Otis Pike was piqued. His House Select Committee on Intelligence had subpoenaed an internal State Department memo, and Secretary Henry Kissinger had refused to hand it over. Convinced that the Secretary was covering up, Pike pressed his committee to cite Kissinger for contempt of Congress.

Then Robert McCloskey, the State Department's liaison man with Capitol Hill, swung into action. He persuaded House leaders that such a contempt citation would badly damage Kissinger's prestige abroad. Thereupon, these men mounted a quiet campaign of friendly persuasion among committee members. The result: Pike's colleagues overruled him and voted 8 to 5 merely to invite Kissinger to explain in person why he refused to release the memo.

Protecting Dissent. Last week Kissinger reiterated to Pike's panel that he was not suppressing any embarrassing information, but trying to maintain State Department morale and efficiency. At issue was a memo written by a desk officer criticizing U.S. policy in Cyprus. Kissinger argued persuasively that lower-level policy recommendations should not be turned over to Congress with the names of the authors attached. Reason: State Department staffers might then hedge their recommendations for fear that they could be dragged before Congress to justify them—as happened in the Joe McCarthy era. Kissinger again offered to supply summaries of dissenting recommendations; the authors could testify about facts, but not about their advice. The effort at compromise resumes this week.

The scrap with Kissinger was important for another reason. It typified the way in which congressional committees investigating the U.S. intelligence community have diverted themselves from their objective: to find methods to better watch over the CIA, FBI and sim-

ilar agencies. Both the House committee and its Senate counterpart headed by Frank Church have been on the job since early this year, and both have spent too much time battling the Administration or grabbing for headlines by concentrating on flashy issues. One motive: peppery and aggressive Pike years to run for the Senate in 1976, and Church may well announce his candidacy for President by year's end.

The House committee has been less effective than the Senate's. True enough, it has learned a good deal about the *sub rosa* financing arrangements enjoyed by intelligence agencies: that the General Accounting Office, which is supposed to monitor federal spending, keeps its hands off the CIA; the CIA alumni in the Office of Management and Budget handle the purse strings of their alma mater.

But many of the House committee's charges have been inexcusably glib and unfair. The committee heard former CIA Analyst Samuel A. Adams, an outspoken critic of the CIA, charge that top U.S. officials had deliberately concealed the true strength of the Viet Cong before the Tet offensive; then Pike refused to call the accused, as well as other witnesses in a position to rebut the charge. He also concluded that the intelligence community had shown incompetence by failing to predict the Yom Kippur War in the Middle East and the Portuguese coup. But these indictments neglected to consider that the Israelis also had been caught off guard and that while the CIA should have been more aware of the power of the Portuguese Communists, it cannot watch everything or be right every time. The intelligence agencies' many successes are almost always kept secret.

In the Senate, Frank Church's committee has explored the misuse of the Internal Revenue Service by the Nixon Administration to hound its politi-

cal enemies, the CIA's illegal reading of citizens' mail and other abuses. Since it discovered in February, however, that the CIA had been involved in foreign assassination plots, that subject has occupied more of the committee's time than all other topics combined. The record bulges to well over 11,000 pages. Church became fascinated with dart guns, shellfish toxins and other peripheral exotica of covert operations. But the committee was unable to pin down who was responsible for the vague plots to kill Fidel Castro, the Congo's Patrice Lumumba and lesser undesirables. Doing so, says Committee Member Walter Mondale, is like "trying to nail Jell-O to a wall."

Future Plans. Though the committee does not plan to release its report on the assassinations for another few weeks, it is already the subject of controversy. In a letter that was hand-delivered to each member, President Ford urged that it be kept secret. Church and other Democrats have accused the Administration of trying to suppress the findings, and probably no more than three of the committee's eleven members will support Ford.

On Feb. 29 the committee's mandate expires, and much remains to be done. The schedule is jammed with hearings on the CIA role in Chile, allegations of the FBI harassment of political dissidents and, finally, the need for tighter congressional and White House control over the intelligence community. Unfortunately, there will not be nearly enough time to give the last subject the attention it deserves.

In the end the committees probably will make sound proposals for watching over the intelligence agencies and their finances: a joint congressional panel, perhaps, empowered to question intelligence officials under oath. Such a system of accountability promises to reduce future abuses. But some political leaders at home and abroad will still wonder whether that was worth bruising the prestige and credibility of the CIA and its fellow agencies.

INTELLIGENCE

NSA: Inside the Puzzle Palace

The National Security Agency is like the Jorge Luis Borges fable of the infinite library in which all of the planet's knowledge and information reside, mad-deningly encoded. Into the NSA's heavily guarded, three-story headquarters outside Washington every week the world's secrets flow from U.S. spy ships, surveillance planes, satellites and hundreds of electronic listening posts round the globe. Unlike the CIA and other U.S. intelligence agencies, the NSA's mission is strictly communications—electronics and cryptology. It is the ultimate bug, the source of most of the nation's foreign intelligence information and, like the CIA, a source of growing controversy.

Compared with the NSA, the CIA is as open as a New Hampshire town meeting. The NSA welcomes its confusion with NASA and the National Security Council. It is the one federal agency that claims—and gets—total exemption from the Freedom of Information Act. When Harry Truman started the NSA under the Defense Department's authority in 1952, only a handful of people even knew of his order.

Four Missions. By one estimate, the NSA spends \$1.2 billion a year and employs 25,000 people, compared with the CIA's \$750 million and 16,500 workers. At its Fort Meade, Md., headquarters, variously known as "Disneyland" and "the Puzzle Palace," the NSA labors in extraordinary anonymity to monitor communications throughout the world and then decipher the coded messages. In that task it is reputed to employ everything from the world's largest bank of computers to blind people whose acute hearing can pick up signals on tapes that sighted people might miss.

The NSA has come under increasing congressional attention. The troubles began last June when the Rockefeller commission revealed that the NSA had fed 1,100 pages of material on U.S. citizens to the CIA's "Operation Chaos," which was aimed at uncovering foreign influences among U.S. radical groups. Last week despite vigorous White House lobbying against it, the Senate intelli-

gence committee called NSA Director Lew Allen, 50, an Air Force lieutenant general with a doctorate in nuclear physics, to explain some of his agency's operations. It was the first time an NSA chief has ever testified in public about the agency's specific activities.

The committee was most interested in the NSA's monitoring of international telephone and cable traffic involving American citizens from 1967-1973. Allen testified that the NSA, under "Project Minaret," received "watch lists" of U.S. citizens about whom other agencies such as the CIA, the Defense Intelligence Agency and the FBI wanted information. In all, said Allen, the NSA intercepted the international calls or cables of 1,680 American citizens and groups and of 5,925 foreign nationals and groups.

The watch lists covered four basic areas. One was international drug traffic. Another was keeping track of potential presidential assassins. The other two areas were terrorism and possible foreign support for civil disturbances. Cryptically, Allen told the Senators that the watch-list monitoring had prevented "a major terrorist act" in an American city. The episode apparently involved a plan by Arab terrorists to hide explosives in a car parked on a New York City street and detonate them when Israeli Premier Golda Meir, who was visiting the city, passed by.

The monitoring of U.S. dissidents began with Lyndon Johnson's anxiety that foreigners were financing and organizing antiwar groups seeking to drive him from office. The FBI and CIA submitted watch lists. The Defense Intelligence Agency had the NSA monitor the foreign communications of about 20 Americans who were traveling to North Viet Nam.

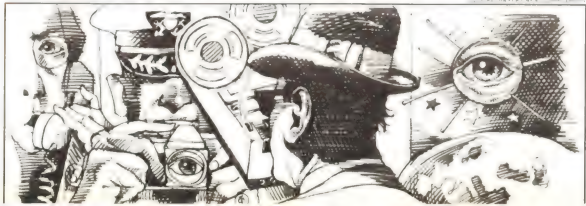
The legality of the operations is questionable. The committee arranged for Attorney General Edward Levi to appear this week to discuss the matter. Allen admitted that the NSA had obtained no warrants for any of the monitoring and that the agency had never sought a legal opinion on the subject.



DIRECTOR LEW ALLEN TESTIFYING
like a Borges fable.

from the Attorney General or the White House. He did point out that Defense Secretary Melvin Laird had known what was going on, as had two Attorneys General, John Mitchell and Richard Kleindienst, before a third, Elliot Richardson, had finally called off the monitoring in 1973, on grounds of dubious legality.

ACLU Suit. The committee was not alone in its attentions to the NSA last week. In Washington's U.S. district court, the American Civil Liberties Union filed a \$500 million class-action suit charging the NSA and CIA with running a large and illegal spying campaign against antiwar elements in the late 1960s and early 1970s. The suit was brought on behalf of 7,200 individuals and 1,000 groups on which the two agencies supposedly kept files, monitored calls and cables and opened mail. Among the defendants are four communications companies—RCA Global Communications, ITT World Communications, Western Union and American Cable and Radio Corp.—that allegedly cooperated with the agencies by helping them monitor communications. Of course it was the U.S. Government that persuaded the companies years ago to cooperate with the intelligence gathering, and congressional staff members point out, the companies agreed as a matter of patriotic duty.



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But all they knew about was our heel. Nobody knew about the rest of the Earth® shoe, which is every bit as remarkable as our heel.

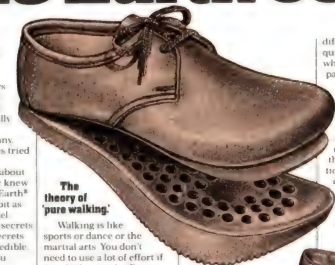
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power

The Earth shoe power path



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Earth shoe

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Anne Kalso,
Inventor of the EARTH negative heel shoe



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Needed for America: Fewer Claims, More Growth

In the wake of the familiar crises of Viet Nam, Watergate and inflationary recession, can the American experiment endure and flourish in its third century? This vexing question is tackled in special reports just published by two thoughtful periodicals, the U.S. quarterly the *Public Interest* and the British weekly the *Economist*. Both journals raise fresh and unsettling questions about the limitations of American democracy and freedom. However, in their prognoses for the next 100 years, they diverge: the *Public Interest* has a generally pessimistic forecast for an America that thinks small and governs modestly; the *Economist* foresees a country that can transcend its limits and grows wealthier.

PUBLIC INTEREST: A New Distemper

"The only cure for the evils of democracy is more democracy," proclaimed New York's Al Smith in a more confident era. The *Public Interest's* tenth-anniversary issue, which contains articles by ten leading American intellectuals, comes to an opposite conclusion: democracy has gone far enough in America, perhaps too far. In the phrase of Samuel P. Huntington, professor of government at Harvard, democracy has contracted a bad case of "distemper." So many demands are made of the all too vulnerable system that it is in danger of breaking down. Or, as Daniel Patrick Moynihan, U.S. Ambassador to the United Nations, writes: "Even our sense of peoplehood grows uncertain as ethnic assertions take their implacable toll on the civic assumption of unity." Like monarchy in the 19th century, adds Moynihan, liberal democracy "is where the world was, not where it is going."

It is this sense of democracy's frailty in the face of

social unrest that marks the *Public Interest* writers, most of whom teach politics and the social sciences at leading universities and are generally labeled "neoliberals." Most of them were once liberals in favor of Big Government, more equality and wider distribution of wealth. In recent years they have concentrated on the need to lower expectations in Government and strive for social stability.

A recurrent theme of the issue is that claims on government have grown out of control. Daniel Bell, professor of sociology at Harvard, calls this phenomenon the "revolution of rising entitlements." People expect more and more of their political leaders, he writes, and insist upon increasing government help as their lawful right as citizens. Yet the government's capacity to act and satisfy is finite, and the limits are in view. Interest groups—farmers, veterans, labor—have always been part of the American political scene. But they have multiplied as environmentalists, educationalists, welfare recipients and many others have joined the clamor for funds and taken to the streets for attention. In the process, Bell thinks, everybody is pushing up dangerously against everybody else, a development that threatens the destruction of "American exceptionalism"—the nation's ability to mediate peacefully among conflicting interests by constitutional means.

Education has not helped curb the swollen claims on society, argue several of the authors in a critical assessment of the American elite, which they call "the New Class." The New Class is pro-

fessional—lawyers, city planners, social workers, educators, civil servants—who have been educated to expect too much of their government and feel betrayed when it fails to meet their demands. In a biting historical analysis, Seymour Lipset, professor of government at Harvard, finds this attitude to be an outgrowth of the exaggerated moralism in American politics. Social movements, he writes, have "sought to attain their ends regardless of the damage caused by their tactics and rhetoric to the society. The moralists typically react in horror to the corrupt and illegal—sometimes extreme—tactics of their opponents, unaware that they themselves are engaging in similar illegal behavior."

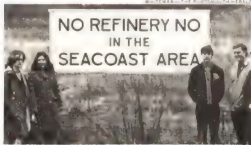
Irving Kristol, Henry R. Luce Professor of Urban Values at New York University, maintains that the crusade for more social programs and Government intervention masks a striving for power: "Though they continue to speak the language of Progressive-reform," writes Kristol, "in actuality they are acting upon a hidden agenda: to propel the nation from that modified version of capitalism we call 'the welfare

WASHINGTON EXHIBITION

NO REFINERY NO
IN THE
SEACOAST AREA

WELFARE
NOT
WARFARE

YEARS OF UNREST (CLOCKWISE FROM RIGHT): STAND AGAINST OIL REFINERY, WELFARE DEMONSTRATION; ANTIWAR RIOT; OLD PEOPLE IN LINE FOR UNEMPLOYMENT INSURANCE



THE NATION

state' toward an economic system so stringently regulated in detail as to fulfill many of the traditional anti-capitalist aspirations of the Left." Kristof fears that under the clothing of "public interest" the New Class is trying to introduce national economic plans and other "neosocialist themes" that will radically transform society.

One of the more unexpected theses of the issue is that, in face of the increasing demands on Government, the powers of the presidency have diminished, not increased, as the critics of the "imperial presidency" allege.

For example, Samuel Huntington makes a persuasive case that Harry Truman governed with the assistance of a small band of influential Wall Street lawyers and bankers. Now the upheavals of the '60s and '70s have weakened the authority of Government that this New York establishment has been overwhelmed by other power groups—environmentalists, consumerists, feminists, blacks, etc.—reflecting antagonistic special interests. It is much harder now for the President to put together the coalition of key groups and individuals that he needs to govern effectively.

Groping for ways to revive American confidence in government, the writers suggest the revival of compromise in politics. Huntington urges the depolarization of issues in favor of more civility. Bell urges "a policy of inclusion whereby disadvantaged groups have priority social policy." Though the authors offer an admittedly gloomy prognosis for democracy in America, the vitality of their analyses suggests that cures for at least part of the distemper of the times may be on the way.

ECONOMIST: Democracy's Go-Getters

At the threshold of its third century, America is afflicted by a "drift from dynamism," which threatens to allow the nation's global leadership to slip into "less sophisticated hands, at a perilous moment." So concludes the *Economist's* deputy editor, Norman Macrae. A long-time expert on world economics and political affairs, Macrae, 52, first gained attention in the U.S. in 1969 by writing a penetrating survey on the American dilemmas of race and poverty. Now he has produced a provocative if discursive report suggesting that the U.S. may be at the close of its industrial empire. He argues persuasively that the U.S. can no longer hold onto its economic might unless it immediately undertakes a major new drive for industrial growth.

America, which has held hegemony over the world from 1876 to 1975, may be losing its global influence for the same reason that British industry, dominant



in the world from 1776 to 1876, decayed. The threat comes from "industrialophobia"—the mood among intellectuals, ecologists, students and others from the educated and monied classes, which view business as vulgar and dangerous. On U.S. campuses, he writes, an "anti-growth cult is being taught to a generation of idealistic kids as if it was high

SYMBOLS OF CHANGE: (FAR LEFT) AN URBAN POLLUTION FIGHTER; (ABOVE) WOMEN'S LIB DEMONSTRATION; (LEFT) CHINA'S FIRST H-BOMB

moral philosophy or even a religion."

He scathingly criticizes these groups for delaying construction of the Alaskan pipeline. The slowdown retarded U.S. economic growth and helped the Arab-dominated OPEC oil cartel grossly inflate oil prices and expand its powers. Among the consequences: "The unemployment of black teen-agers in New York City has been pushed up the last few percentage points towards 40%, a few tens of thousands more brown men in Bangladesh, and several hundred thousand Israeli families have been put in greater danger."

Macrae is also angry about American industry. The growth of U.S. output per man-hour in manufacturing in the past 25 years has fallen behind that of other industrial nations because of a slowdown of U.S. investment in new technology. American businessmen, like those in Britain, have succumbed to the rule of corporate bureaucrats. The

The Pornography of Bombs

We will not be able to regulate nuclear weapons around the world in 1999 any better than we can control the Saturday-night special, heroin, or pornography today

—Harvard's Thomas Schelling

This is the chilling conclusion of a symposium in the November issue of *Harvard Magazine*. In it, five arms-control experts judge that some nuclear wars are likely to occur before this century's end. The five are: Schelling, a professor of political economy; Biochemist Paul Doty, head of Harvard's Science in International Affairs program; Physicist Richard Garwin; Chemist George Kistiakowsky, a former executive of the Manhattan Project; and M.I.T. Political Scientist George Rathjens, formerly a special assistant to the director of the U.S. Arms Control and Disarmament Agency.

The participants expect that nuclear

war will strike as a direct result of bombs spreading around the world like an "epidemic disease," that no current disarmament policy can curb the spread; and that a quasi-dictatorial world government may be the only way to extinguish all risks of war. The proliferation of "peaceful" nuclear power only aggravates the danger because, as Rathjens writes, "by the end of the century there will be several thousand reactors around the world, each producing enough material to build a weapon a week."

A false sense of confidence may be fatal, warns Doty: "We now have a period of relative public confidence that nuclear war is not imminent. We are apt to lose the vision of how absolutely catastrophic nuclear war is." While there is no foolproof solution, the authors variously argue that the U.S. should greatly intensify its disarmament efforts, restrict its sales of nuclear reactors to unstable countries, and do its best to lift up poor societies.

THE NATION

spirit of entrepreneurship is broken.

Yet Macrae has great faith in America's potential to lead the world to vast new wealth. Indeed, he harbors few of the conventional worries that the world is running out of resources. He does not think, for example, that there will be an energy scarcity: alternative sources—nuclear, solar, geothermal, and others—will supply man's needs. Nor does he expect a food crisis, because land can be farmed more efficiently now through new scientific methods and the "green revolution" can be extended to most arable land. He downplays the famous "population explosion," claiming that the world's population growth has probably already dropped to 1.7% a year, which is the target of the United Nations Secretariat for 1985.

The sharpest perils in America's future will arise out of the modern offsprings of progress, claims Macrae. The most frightening possibility is the rapid spread of atomic weapons into the hands of global terrorists. The major industrial countries must meet this predicament by improving the living standards of the poorer nations, thereby increasing the commitment of all human beings to maintaining an unwarlike status quo.

Modern Molds. For the U.S. to reassert its economic primacy in its third century, argues Macrae, the nation will have to go back to its "long-standing, history-given, go-getting" economic pragmatism. He calls for a return to the old incentive-filled free-market philosophy, but in modern molds. Americans, he contends, must restructure their private companies and redesign their governmental bodies in order to free themselves from the bureaucratic shackles that now stifle their growth. They must also broaden the types of community living in the nation to include choices on the political right and left—meaning new concepts like puritan towns, local governments run on contract by private businesses, and towns that emphasize full individual participation.

The prototype for new private corporations may be "confederations of entrepreneurs." Individual entrepreneurs within a single corporation, he predicts, may soon be given even greater independence to run various departments in the company or set up competitive ones. Within the immense federal and state governments, Macrae proposes a new form of market competition called "performance contracts." By this method, citizens will vote regularly for the private contractors—garbage collectors, transit companies and sewage disposal firms—that best deliver the services.

An unapologetic growth advocate, Macrae warns that America must crusade for economic expansion—by investing more, loosening environmental restrictions and breaking bureaucracies. If the world's richest nation fails, he says, the consequence may be that "half the world will remain hungry; and that half-world may blow us up."



THE PRESIDENCY/HUGH SIDLEY

Subtle Joys of Being in the Court

In the days of Louis XIV, a summons to the King's court brought the men and women of consequence tumbling out of the boudoirs and the countinghouses and off the battlefields for the required rituals of obeisance and jollity that the Sun King needed for self-assurance. Louis, it was said, worshipped God, and all the others worshipped him.

It is a long journey from Versailles to the White House, but it is worth a thought or two on how power retains its old rewards through centuries and civilizations. Last week the President of the United States summoned his court.

It includes roughly a thousand people who represent the framework of American authority and substance. A goodly bunch of them came jetting out of Dallas, Beverly Hills, Akron and Cedar Springs, Mich., for ceremony and tribute to Egypt's President Anwar Sadat, our new pal in the Middle East.

This presidential court has a loftier purpose than that of Louis XIV. Its entry requirements have more to do with ability than blood. But there is the same gratification that men and women who run things have always got from being with each other, far from the rest of the world that may resent them or cling to them. There is much that is illusory in these moments of soft music, laughter and warm toasts. In the glow of the White House's East Room or at the State Department's Benjamin Franklin Room, with its sweeping view of the Potomac River valley, the world can seem manageable.

Gerald Ford's courtiers are saved from an overly grand view by those same jets that bring them so swiftly. They soon are dumped back into the realities of Detroit and New York. But the memories mingle and linger: supreme of pheasant smitane, Rockefeller, Harriman, Dillon, chestnut mousse, Bob Stack, Nanette Fabray, De La Renta, Alsop, filet of salmon in aspic, Cronkite, Swearingin, Humphrey, Schramberg blanc de noir, Auchincloss. Watching from the dim corners of the old Decatur House on Lafayette Square, where the ladies went for tea, or inside the stately Anderson House, where Sadat the next day returned the White House favors with a dinner, one could see that a lot of the people had seen each other under similar circumstances not long ago (was it when the Shah visited—or Hirohito?)

Henry Ford II came with 246 others for Henry Kissinger's lunch in his eighth-floor salon. The auto prince smiled and burred with cheer as he was plucked from his assigned place at one of the lesser tables and put at the head table to fill a vacancy. His handsome wife moved from friend to friend with smiles and short, warm busses.

The chief of Manufacturers Hanover Trust of New York shouldered somberly and authoritatively through these familiar waters. He is Gabriel Hauge, and he bore the message to beware of New York City's default and urged federal help. Hauge was a master of the elbow squeeze, the whispered message—first to Alan Greenspan, chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers, then to Arthur Burns, chairman of the Federal Reserve. It was an intense warning, but applied under the full protocols of the court: ideas contend, men do not.

The Kennedys answered the call, and the Senator and his wife looked on approvingly when Mrs. Sadat gave a 4,500-year-old alabaster vase to the Kennedy Center. Later they came in phalanx—Rose, Eunice, Teddy and Joan—to Anderson House, where Sadat was the host. The aura of well being floated through the house, normally the home of the Society of the Cincinnati, descendants of the officers of George Washington's army.

There may have been a little morning-after fatigue, a mild headache or two. But those are among the subtle joys of being a member of the court.

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Money this kind of

Esquire

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN AUGUST 1975

VW's new Rabbit is significant because it is a complete departure for Volkswagen, and also because it is the specific type of car that Detroit will be building in the 1980's.

The statistics speak for themselves: accommodation for four, a seventy-horsepower engine, fuel consumption of thirty-eight mpg and a weight of under two thousand pounds.

What they came up with was

"a car that doesn't have an ounce of fat, one which provides excellent operating economy, as well as performance and value."

VW's note: The 1976 EPA estimates for the standard shift model are 39 mpg on the highway, 25 mpg in the city. Your actual mileage may vary, depending on the type of driving you do, your driving habits, your car's condition and optional equipment.

Volkswagen is evidently confident in its new model, because it is covered by the VW Owner's Security Blanket, which is as good as you can get.

Personally, I think that VW's Rabbit is one very good idea ahead of its time.

APRIL 1975 **Popular Mechanics**

The most important new import for 1975 is the VW Rabbit.

The 1800-pound Rabbit is a mechanical masterpiece. It gets up to 60 mph in about 12 seconds—giving it the edge on some V8 sub-compacts. Its hatchback design provides 24.7 cubic feet of luggage capacity with the rear seat folded.

VW got the greatest possible amount of usable interior space into the smallest possible outer shell—and an exterior with some style.

JUNE 1975 **Popular Science**

A totally new kind of small car, Volkswagen's Rabbit, may make things difficult for U.S. small-car makers in the coming months.

Its speed through the maneuvering courses matched or exceeded the best times of the other

test cars, and the feeling of control is ever present, even at high speed and in extreme turning tests.

Economy means light weight, small engines. VW has it now. The others have a way to go.



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ROAD & TRACK

MAY 1975

The winner, and not by a hare (sorry, couldn't resist). This car

does it all: it's small, light, roomy and fast, with nimble and responsive steering, ride and handling. A modern and sophisticated car with a handsome Guigiaro-designed hatchback body, the Rabbit offers one of the most space-saving mechanical layouts we've seen

yet: front-wheel drive, transverse engine and a unique, independent rear suspension featuring an integral anti-roll bar and using so little space it's remarkable.

Seats are firm in the German manner and you sit high, viewing the world through an expansive greenhouse.

The Rabbit has a solid feel and an ultramodern look to it. Best of all it is almost sinfully enjoyable to drive.

ROAD TEST

JULY 1975

The Volkswagen Rabbit should be recognized as a true worldcar: it would be as at home commuting in Los Angeles, on a ski trip in the Alps, or chasing kangaroos across Australia. It is the finest example to date of a totally integrated passenger car, useful anywhere in the world and is qualified as no other imported car of 1975 for the Road Test Engineering Award.

CAR and DRIVER

APRIL 1975

Whole populations of drivers will live for years with this car, strongly impressed by its generally nimble disposition and its sensitive feel of the road through the steering wheel and

brake pedal. It slips through city traffic like a bicycle and thrives on the parking-space remnants most cars pass by. You can stuff enough groceries for a football team through the

rear hatch while the back seat folds and pivots forward out of the way. The only thing you'll need a trailer for is objects too heavy to boost across the high lift-over.





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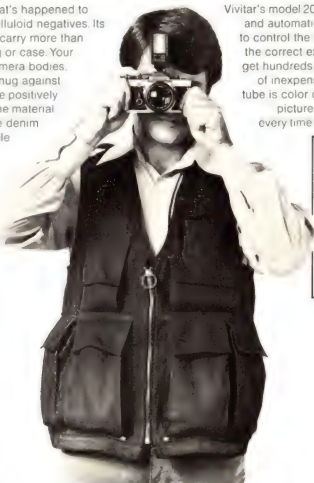


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GATHERING THE DEAD IN AN AMBULANCE IN BEIRUT, THE HOLIDAY INN UNDER ASSAULT DURING FIGHTING AT THE "HOTEL FRONT"

THE WORLD

LEBANON

Last Rites for a Mortally Wounded City

From the top of the unfinished 30-story Murr Tower, Beirut's tallest building, leftist Moslems fired a lethal 50-cal. Chinese machine gun at anything that moved in the center of the city. Some five blocks north, in the gilded Corniche area on the Mediterranean, right-wing Christian Phalangist forces occupied the Holiday Inn and other hotels and began firing from the luxury bedrooms in a desperate effort to hold ground. Answering rocket blasts tore apart the Inn's top two floors. Banks, shops and business offices were shattered, few besides gunmen ventured onto the streets and about the only traffic along the once thronged boulevards consisted of armored cars and ambulances. After seven months of continual outbursts of violence across Lebanon, Beirut last week was a dying city.

Real Panic. Once sleek and salacious, the "Paris of the Middle East" is a wasteland. Since April, 75% of the national carnage has been in Beirut; at least 3,000 people have been killed, 6,000 wounded, in a city of 1,500,000. Those who managed to reach hospitals last week could rarely find an empty bed. They may have been better off on the floors, since continual sniper fire raked some wards. Water, food, medical supplies, gasoline and electricity were run-

ning low. Estimated property damage and revenue loss passed the \$2 billion mark. Most international businesses and banks whose headquarters are in Beirut have now left to settle elsewhere. By the end of last week 4,000 of the 5,000 Americans living in the city had made their way to the airport in armed caravans and filled outgoing flights to anywhere. U.S. Ambassador G. McMurtrie Godley ordered all families of American officials to leave. U.S. embassy Marines shifted to battle fatigues; stray small-arms fire ripped the building.

Stubbornly, Beirutis had continued to hope that somehow the madness would pass, that maybe the next ceasefire would not be shot down by the armed fanatics whose number seemed to be growing. Last week, reports *TIMI* Correspondent William Marmon, "real panic gripped the city for the first time as the pattern of fighting changed abruptly and the remaining hopes were shattered. Previously, rival factions shot and shelled each other from fixed positions. The result was stalemate. Now leftist Moslem forces, spearheaded by a group called the Independent Nasserites, have launched an offensive to win a clear victory. Moving out of their base area in southwest Beirut, the Nasserites intend to cut through the city up to the

sea, thereby flanking some Phalangist positions and driving other rightist forces into the eastern part of the city."

The battle was fought house by house and street by street. One car filled with Moslems managed to reach the Parliament building in Christian-controlled territory. "You do not represent the people. You do not represent anyone," they shouted over a loudspeaker, then opened fire, killing one of the bodyguards of Phalangist Leader Pierre Gemayel. When retreating Phalangists took up positions in the hotel district, the conflict took on an added symbolic intensity. "I'm going to sleep in the Holiday Inn tonight," pledged one strutting Moslem fighter as he prepared for an assault on the Christian outpost. By week's end the Phalangists still held what became known as the "hotel front."

No Census. The Moslem strike into the bastion of moneyed power has roots that go back at least to the creation of independent Lebanon. As France was quitting the area in 1943, an unwritten but carefully wrought National Covenant was adopted by Lebanese leaders in an effort to accommodate the new country's volatile religious mix of Christians and Moslems. With Christians in a slight majority according to a 1932 census, the Covenant provided that the country's



MOSLEM GUNMEN EVACUATING OLD MAN
"We are doing well."

President and the armed forces commander would always be from the dominant Maronite Christian sect, the Prime Minister always a Sunni Moslem and the legislative assembly always in a 6-5 balance favoring Christians. This slight but significant power edge reflected not only the population figures but also the fact that Christians controlled the professions and business. Despite simmering eruptions, notably in 1958 when the U.S. sent in troops to prevent a leftist take-

over, Lebanon thrived for decades as a result of its compromise—and of a Swiss-style neutrality that helped to make it the trading, banking and communications hub of the Arab world.

In recent years a higher birth rate has pushed the Moslem portion of Lebanon's population to an estimated 60% of the 3.2 million total. Christians responded by making it all but an article of faith to block any census that might change the original 1932 figures. Such friction might well have been enough to spark violence, but the present explosion has defied control because of still other complicating factors. Christians and Moslems alike are subdivided into sects, each headed by bosses (*zu'ama*) who have used patronage to build iron loyalty, as well as personal militias.

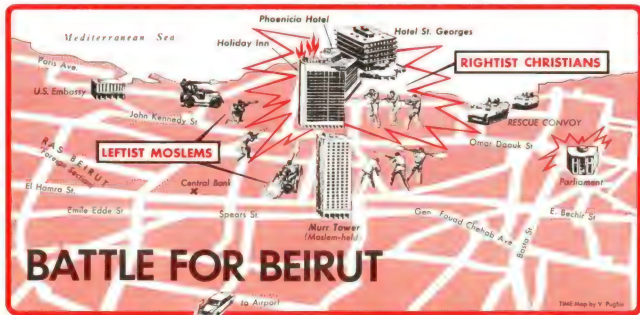
Outside Forces. The arrival since 1948 of 320,000 Palestinian refugees has added immeasurably to Christian-Moslem tensions. At first the Palestinians stayed out of the current fighting. Palestine Liberation Organization Leader Yasser Arafat continues to call for a peaceful solution. But last week Palestinians from Arafat's Fatah and the Syrian-backed Saïqa were clearly aiding the leftists with arms, equipment and artillery support. Indeed the real strategic commander of the Moslem offensive in Beirut was rumored to be the infamous fedayeen leader Abu Daoud, who nearly succeeded in assassinating Jordan's King Hussein in 1970. Last week at his command headquarters in the center of Beirut, he boasted with a confident smile, "We are doing well."

The open role of the Palestinians quickly caught the attention of neighboring Syria and Israel. Damascus is now known to be aiding the leftist Moslem forces there through its Saïqa fedayeen. Should Syrian assistance—or, less

likely, outright intervention—threaten to tip the balance toward a Lebanon dominated by radical Arabs, the Israelis might respond with force because, said Israeli Prime Minister Yitzhak Rabin, such a situation would be "a real threat to Israel's security."

Though the country was coming apart, Lebanon's political leaders seemed utterly incapable of finding a solution. In fact they were part of the problem. Many are *zu'ama* who solemnly discuss cease-fires even as their troops are shooting away. President Suleiman Franjeh, whose base is a virtually feudal Christian hill village outside Tripoli, so thoroughly detests Premier Rashid Karami, a Sunni Moslem, that they can barely work together. Though Karami began seeking a solution in Parliament last week, so many of its 99 deputies refused to venture out in the line of fire that a 50-member quorum was never mustered. Karami then invited nine key factional leaders to join him in his office and lock themselves in until something had been hammered out. Only two accepted the invitation; in desperation Karami threatened to resign, was talked out of it and began calling in leaders for private sessions.

These sessions may prove to be last rites. Beirut, already ruined as a financial center, seems doomed to continuing violence. The rest of Lebanon can only wonder what the outcome will be. At one of the private meetings held by Karami late last week, Ibrahim Kholeilat, who heads the Nasserites, explained his intentions politely but forcefully. His Moslem fighters will press on until they have defeated the Phalangists once and for all, said Kholeilat. "We have had ten cease-fires and ten violations. Let's get this over with and have one cease-fire that means something."



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Shards from a Shattered Mosaic

As the fighting of recent weeks smashed the complex mosaic of Lebanese life, reporters struggled to piece together the meaning of what was happening. But the depth of the country's despondency and disintegration sometimes emerged most clearly from isolated incidents. TIME correspondents sent these diverse vignettes:

A French visitor was recently invited to lunch with a well-educated Beirut merchant at his home, which was in an embattled Christian neighborhood. The visitor was thus not too surprised to see several Russian-made AK-47 automatic rifles—the most common weapon on both sides—stacked in a corner of the dining room. Lunch was a pleasant affair, filled with interesting conversation, when it was over the host invited his guest to view the city from his roof. There sat a mortar, pointed in the general direction of the battle lines of the day. As the Frenchman watched in shock, the merchant dropped three quick rounds down the tube. What was he shooting at? "Ah, those Moslems," said the man, with a casual wave of his hand.

Despite the fact that the renowned St. Georges Hotel has had only a handful of guests for the past several weeks, its chef hewed to his *cordon bleu* standards to the last. In the restaurant, thoughtfully shifted back into the most protected area of the hotel because of snipers, service and cuisine merited the usual three stars. Scampi, *saumon fumé*, *salade Niçoise*—almost the full menu was available. On Monday U.S. Ambassador G. McMurtrie Godley was at one table, Christian Moderate Leader Raymond Edde near by at another. Shortly after 3, as Edde was finishing his coffee, an aide arrived to tell him the hotel had been taken over by a bunch of nervous and heavily armed youths from a right-wing Christian militia unit. Edde and most of the remaining diners left promptly. Two days later, worried by the fluid situation, the hotel staff prudently put some of the hotel's best white sheets out the window of the once proud St. Georges.

The schizophrenia of the city was such that the main headline of a newspaper one day read THE WORST IS OVER, while a story on the same page warned that "security deteriorates further."

In a feeble attempt at sophisticated, hard-edged humor, the local English-language weekly *Monday Morning* recently ran a fashion spread on the "military" look, showing models with rifles under the headline THE APPROPRIATE LOOK. Last week the magazine outdid itself with two new fashion tips: the "refuse romper," platform shoes "designed

to keep pedestrians from submerging in garbage heaps"; and the "dress dress," festooned with refuse so that the wearer can "evade snipers by melting into any garbage heap or, in the unlikely event that no such heap is immediately available, by lying down anywhere and becoming a garbage heap."

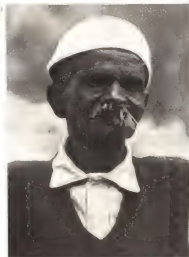
Though a rescue convoy tried to shuttle trapped civilians to safety, there was no sure source of help. The Chicago *Tribune's* Philip Caputo, badly wounded in both feet by a leftist Moslem sentry who decided to practice his marksmanship after the reporter had been passed through a roadblock and was walking away, was stranded in the embattled Trad hospital. Finally John Andres, a Briton working for NBC-TV, made his way to the hospital and called a U.S. Marine Corps colonel, who borrowed the American ambassador's \$62,000 armored limousine. Caputo, an ex-Marine who served in Viet Nam, was hustled out of the hospital in a wheelchair and eventually evacuated by air to West Germany.

Cynics have labeled Lebanon's fighting the "identity-card war." Reason: hundreds of people have been killed merely because their identity cards revealed that they were of the faith opposite to that of the men who happened to stop them on the road. Last week a group called the Front for National Salvation surfaced in Beirut, dedicated to the deliberate mutilation of the section of the card denoting a person's religion. In two days, more than 500 Lebanese joined in rallies to scratch out their religious affiliation.

Staring into his drink at Gerofinikas, one of the best restaurants in Athens, a displaced General Electric executive

said gloomily, "The show is over, and Athens has become the new star." For decades Beirut had been a magnet for banks and big corporations, a city that took pride and profit in the swarms of glittery limousines that kept its avenues constantly clogged, the fashionable boutiques, the expensive nightclubs and casinos, the whole ambience of opulence and sin. But no one wants to invest or play in a battlefield. For weeks now a full-scale exodus has been under way and many U.S., British, French, German and Japanese firms are relocating in Athens, an hour from Beirut by air. Most of the transplanted businessmen and their families were saddened by the abrupt leave-taking and by the swift decay of a once vibrant city. But inevitably not all of them were so sentimental. "It's almost like home," said an obviously contented sheik, newly of Athens. "The *houzouki* music, the food. You might almost say the Greeks are Arabs wearing pants."

GRAVEDIGGER AVERTS STENCH WITH GRASS



MOSLEM LEFTISTS MAN MACHINE GUN ATOP MURR TOWER OVERLOOKING CENTER OF BEIRUT



NORTH AFRICA

Spectacular in the Sahara

The journey was exhausting, the accommodations were wretched and furious sandstorms periodically lashed the seemingly endless rows of tents. Yet hundreds of thousands of banner-waving, Koran-thumping volunteers last week continued to swarm into Morocco's southernmost town, Tarfaya. "So many people want to volunteer for the Saharan march that application forms are being sold on the black market," said one sheik who had traveled from the east-central province of Ksar es Souk. While awaiting orders to cross the Spanish Saharan border 21 miles to the south—the "go" signal may be given this week—bejeweled women and turbaned men formed semicircles around dervishes who whirled to the beat of tambourines and clapping hands. Younger marchers, sporting mirror sunglasses and carrying transistor radios, kept up a steady chant of "the Sahara belongs to us" and "the Sahara is Moroccan."

"This is a march of 350,000 people, but it is really ideas that are marching," Morocco's King Hassan II told TIME Correspondent Karsten Prager last week in his ocher palace in Marrakech. One of the ideas on the march might well be the old notion that the shortest route to enhanced power is through a neighboring country's land. In his determination to annex the phosphate-rich Spanish colony, King Hassan has ignored an advisory opinion of the International Court of Justice that denied Morocco's claim of outright sovereignty over the Sahara. Spain, after promising to hold a referendum on independence among the colony's 70,000 people—mostly nomadic tribesmen—now seems willing to renege on its pledge rather than risk confrontation with the adventurist Hassan. After a flurry of diplomatic moves, Madrid reportedly agreed last week to recognize Morocco's claim to the territory. Such an agree-

ment may be challenged, perhaps even militarily, by Algeria, which has backed a leftist liberation movement in the Sahara. Although the marchers' objective may well be gained before they ever set foot on Saharan soil, Hassan said last week that he would be hesitant to call off the crusade. "I do not want to frustrate my subjects," he explained, "because a people is not a toy."

Hassan has reason to know. In his 14 years as monarch, he has survived three leftist plots to overthrow him and two military assassination attempts (one at his 42nd birthday party in 1971, when 98 guests were killed, and one a year later, when his official jet was strafed). The autocratic Hassan, who claims descent from the Prophet Mohammed, owes his survival to his skill at playing off one Moroccan faction against the other and rallying support through emotional appeals to the religious fervor of his 17 million subjects. The popular success of the march is a case in point.

Sybaritic Swath. He was going into the Sahara, Hassan explained, "so that my children and grandchildren may take pride in inheriting a real crown and a true scepter." They also stand to inherit Hassan's fortune (estimated at more than \$500 million) and his eight palaces, four of them with golf courses designed by Robert Trent Jones. When Hassan dies, he expects to be ensconced in the mausoleum he has had built for himself in Rabat, a \$7.5 million structure that looks like a cross between a pagoda and the Taj Mahal. Not bad for a onetime playboy prince who cut a sybaritic swath through Paris in the 1950s, lavishly displaying his enthusiasm for women, fast cars and Western clothes.

When he assumed the throne in 1961, just before the evacuation of French colonial military forces negotiated by his father Mohammed V, the new King told his people: "The man you

knew as Prince Moulay Hassan no longer exists." He adopted a quieter life, refused to set up an official harem, and married Lalla Latifa, a commoner who has borne him two sons and three daughters. Hassan, who earned a law degree at the University of Bordeaux, has written three different constitutions, each of which guarantees freedom of the press, speech and religion. Such freedoms have receded as his reign has continued, however; the Saharan crisis was recently cited as an excuse for again putting off promised elections to re-establish Parliament. The last such body was dissolved in 1972.

Hassan, the only King left in North Africa, is well aware that his is "a job that tends to disappear." His rule remains personal and absolute. When he spent a month recovering from hemorrhoid surgery last January, the government ground almost to a halt. Despite the tension with neighboring Algeria, Morocco has strong ties with most other Arab nations; except for issues involving Israel, it is basically pro-Western in foreign policy and open toward European and American investments. Since 1973 Hassan has emulated his oil-rich Arab allies by pushing up the price of phosphate rock from \$14 to \$68 a ton. Morocco controls 60% of world trade in the vital fertilizer ingredient even without the Sahara deposits, and the price increase last year meant an added \$1 billion to a booming economy.

Still, tens of thousands live in shantytowns around the main cities, there is a 75% illiteracy rate, and annual per capita income is \$400. Whatever the result of Hassan's Saharan foray, those problems will continue to pose a threat to his rule and his life.

SAHARA MARCHERS LINING UP FOR WATER AT TARFAYA; KING HASSAN



A high-angle, wide shot of a desert canyon. A long, single-file line of trucks, mostly yellow and orange, stretches from the bottom left towards the top left, following the curve of the canyon floor. The trucks are heavily loaded with people, some sitting on the roofs and others hanging off the sides. On the right side of the road, a large, diverse group of people is walking along the edge of the canyon. The canyon walls are steep and reddish-brown, with some sparse vegetation. In the far distance, more trucks are visible on the road, and the sky is a clear, pale blue.

THE GREEN MARCH: Truck convoy of Moroccan volunteers on the way to Tâfaya, final assembly point for the march into the Spanish Sahara

BY ROBERT MACQUE



Above: Volunteers receiving their water rations for march. Below: Cheering Moroccans prepare to head for staging area. Right: Government-organized tent camp for marchers near Tarfaya.



Moving to Fill a Power Vacuum

A dual struggle raged in Spain last week. While Generalissimo Francisco Franco fought to stay alive, his government struggled to keep functioning in a power vacuum. At week's end, as the old dictator still clung to life with characteristic tenacity, the government literally gave up waiting for him to die. It resolved a growing crisis of authority by pressuring a reluctant Prince Juan Carlos de Borbón y Borbón, Franco's heir designate, to become his country's temporary Chief of State. Only after Franco's death or a complicated legal process declaring his incompetence would Juan Carlos be named King. Spain's first monarch since the abdication of his grandfather, Alfonso XIII, in 1931.

The seemingly futile struggle to keep *el Caudillo* alive was waged inside the second-floor bedroom of the turreted El Pardo Palace outside Madrid, where a 24-man team of doctors attended him round the clock. The medical bulletins that streamed from the sickroom told of "cardiac insufficiency," "gastric hemorrhaging," "intestinal paralysis," "blood clotting," and at least five heart attacks over a 13-day period. Yet the 82-year-old Franco, who a week earlier was believed to be only hours away from death, hung on—just as he had hung on to absolute power for nearly four decades.

Healing Powers. Franco frequently became quite lucid, occasionally chatting with his family and even discussing with Premier Carlos Arias Navarro the lineup of military forces that might confront each other in the Spanish Sahara. At one point the Archbishop of Zaragoza, Pedro Cantero Cuadrado, spread across Franco's bed the gold-embroidered cloak that usually adorns the wooden statue of the Virgin Mary in Zaragoza's Basilica of Our Lady of Pilar. As the archbishop described it, the dictator opened his eyes, wept and kissed the cape—which is reputed to have healing powers.

Downstairs at El Pardo, a steady procession of Cabinet ministers, generals, leaders of the *Movimiento Nacional* (the sole political party allowed), Roman Catholic churchmen and a few Latin American ambassadors arrived to inquire about Franco's health. Among the callers were exiled King Leka of Albania and Nicolas Franco, 37, the dictator's nephew. Young Franco later told *TIME* Correspondent Gavin Scott that he was hardly surprised by his uncle's durability. His own father, Franco's 85-year-old brother, suffered a similar illness four years ago and had been kept alive by drugs and machines. "Today," Nicolas said, "my father spends two hours each day working in his garden."

While the generalissimo hovered between life and death, government leaders were trying to head off complete political

paralysis. Under the Spanish constitution, major decisions can be taken only by the Cabinet and only when the Chief of State presides; moreover, all decree laws must be signed by him to take effect. With Franco so gravely ill, the government was unsure whether it had clear-cut authority to make decisions—even on matters as pressing as the Sahara crisis. Said a government official last week: "We cannot go on without an active leader."

When Franco's demise had seemed imminent a week earlier, the transfer of power appeared to present no real

problem. Within eight days of the dictator's death, Juan Carlos would have been named King by a joint declaration of the Cortes (parliament) and the 17-member advisory Council of the Realm. But for Juan Carlos to come to full and permanent power before Franco died would have required either 1) the dictator's resignation, or 2) a decree by the Cabinet, ratified by the Cortes and the National Council, stating that Franco was not competent to rule. Encouraged by his family, *el Caudillo* made it clear last week that he wanted to die with all his power and titles, and thus would not resign. Arias and his Cabinet, moreover, were worried about insulting the dying man by stripping him of his authority.

Thus the only alternative was a "temporary" transfer of power to Juan Carlos—maintaining the fiction that Franco retained ultimate authority and

might even recover from his illness. The trouble with the plan was that Juan Carlos, at least at first, would have none of it. He had served in such a temporary capacity in mid-1974, when Franco was stricken with pleuritis and was expected to die or retire. When Franco returned to office after a mere 45 days of hospitalization and recuperation, he abruptly elbowed the Prince aside. Humiliated, Juan Carlos vowed that if a similar situation ever arose he would accept office only on a permanent basis.



ARIAS (CENTER) LISTENS AS JUAN CARLOS PRESIDES OVER HIS FIRST CABINET MEETING. En route to the throne, first a definite no and then a reluctant yes.

"In view of the circumstance of illness," observed a European diplomat in Madrid. "It seems that the Prince is accepting temporary powers in the knowledge that they are in fact permanent."

Juan Carlos assumed all of Franco's powers, except the positions of head of the *Movimiento Nacional* and of generalissimo of the "three Armies"—posts *el Caudillo* retains for life. The Prince however, already wields sufficient authority to launch Spain's post-Franco epoch. His first official function, in fact clearly symbolized that power had been transferred to him: he presided over Friday's Cabinet meeting, which was held around the dining-room table of his Zarzuela Palace rather than in the dining room of Franco's El Pardo.

Not until he becomes King is Juan Carlos expected to start making the pronouncements, policy decisions and

THE WORLD

changes in top government offices that will indicate how he is likely to respond to demands for reform of his country's political system. Only after Franco's death, explains one government official in Madrid, can there be "a clean end and a clean beginning." Even then, most observers expect Juan Carlos to emphasize some continuity by keeping Arias as Premier. But he could signal a receptiveness to change by gradually shaking up the rest of the Cabinet and bringing in reform-minded ministers. There are a number of prominent center-rightists, for example, who have criticized the Franco regime and would give a distinctly evolutionary-reformist tone to the new Cabinet. Among those who might assume senior posts in the next six months:

MANUEL FRAGA IRIBARNE, 53, Ambassador to Britain, a major architect of Spain's tourist boom in the 1960s and head of a recently formed center-rightist political movement.

JOSÉ MARÍA DE AREILZA, the Count of Motrico, 65, a monarchist, former Ambassador to Washington and Paris and adviser to Don Juan de Borbón y Battenberg, father of Juan Carlos and

still a potential factor in a new Spanish political equation.

JOAQUÍN RUÍZ GIMÉNEZ, 62, a law professor and a former reformist Minister of Education in the 1950s who now heads the still illegal Christian Democratic Party and, despite his relative conservatism, is respected and trusted by the entire democratic opposition and the Spanish Communist Party (P.C.E.).

No matter what the Prince does in his first months in power, he is likely to be opposed by much of the left, especially the P.C.E. At his exile headquarters in Paris, party Secretary-General Santiago Carrillo last week told *TIME* that the P.C.E. will accept Juan Carlos only if he is chosen by the Spanish people in "free elections" held under a "provisional government in which all political parties are present." Raul Morodo, a member of the executive committee of the Popular Socialist Party (one of the two leading Socialist groups), agrees that a broad-based provisional government "is the best way to establish a democracy here or at least to institute constitutional change." He further calls for a general amnesty for political prisoners and a popular referendum on the monarchy, "since Juan Carlos has no legitimate claim to leadership."

Of course such a provisional government, presumably including Communists, would be unacceptable to the powerful Spanish right, especially the so-called "bunker"—the hard-line core of Franco's backers. Even if Juan Carlos favored a broad-based provisional government—and there is no hint that he does—it is extremely unlikely that he will want or dare to break with the right so soon. Since Communist demands for a provisional government are almost certain to go unfulfilled, the P.C.E. will probably launch a series of "democratic activities": strikes, walkouts, demonstrations. In fact, the *Junta Democrática*—a leftist group believed to be heavily influenced by the P.C.E.—did not even wait

for the young Prince to take office before it began distributing leaflets at universities last week calling for the overthrow of "the Juan Carlos dictatorship."

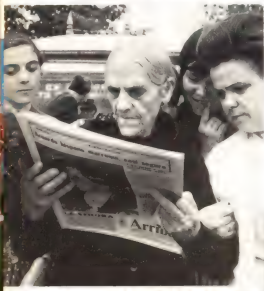
Actually, Spaniards have been forcibly kept apolitical for so long that there is no telling how they will respond to reforms or revolutionary slogans. Until the political movements surface, either in defiance of the laws now banning them or after the laws are changed, experts can only guess at their size.

Neither the bunker nor the Communists, for instance, are thought to represent more than 10% of the population. But each can mobilize strength far beyond its numbers. The P.C.E., with between 20,000 and 70,000 clandestine members, is Spain's most organized political movement and has deeply infiltrated the unofficial labor movement and key bourgeois professional organizations. The bunker is solidly rooted in the military, the church, the government-controlled official unions and the *Movimiento Nacional*. It can also call its forces out onto the streets—old Civil War veterans for mass marches and youthful terrorists, such as the *Guerrillas of Christ the King*, to intimidate the left and reformers.

Life as Usual. Even the military, which ultimately may determine who rules and what policies will be pursued, remains a political mystery. Its oldest officers and the veterans of the Blue Division (the volunteers who fought alongside the Nazis in World War II) back the bunker. Other key officers like former army Chief of Staff Manuel Díez Algecría openly advocate gradual, democratic reforms leading to a politically pluralistic Spain. Several hundred radicalized young officers who call themselves the Democratic Military Union have circulated an *ideario* (statement of ideas) that demands "democratic freedoms, reforms leading to an equitable distribution of wealth and the convening of a democratically elected Constituent Assembly to draft a constitution for Spain."

Once all these political forces are unleashed, Spain could face a prolonged period of turmoil. Yet during the weeks of Franco's illness most Spaniards seemed determined to go on with business as usual—except for an unusual interest in radio bulletins and newspaper headlines. Last week the bullrings and soccer stadiums were packed, as were the *tapas* bars of old Madrid. Late-hour diners filled restaurants, feasting on steaming plates of garlic chicken and stuffed squid swimming in its own black ink. Long queues formed outside cinemas featuring *The Towering Inferno*, and a Beethoven concert series played to sell-out houses. Traffic blocked the capital's streets and tourists swarmed through hotel lobbies. "The only people who are nervous are those across the Pyrenees, those who are abroad," said a government official in Madrid. "We aren't nervous." Not yet, anyway.

SPANIARDS READ OF FRANCO'S ILLNESS



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DIPLOMACY

Fanfare and Funds for Sadat

There were some awkward moments and some outright blunders, but even so, Egypt's President Anwar Sadat seemed to have achieved most of his goals within days of his arrival in the U.S. for a state visit last week. The White House, obviously intent on cementing its new-found friendship with Sadat, gave him the maximum treatment, including a 21-gun salute and a fanfare from 14 red-coated trumpeters. There was also the news that President Ford had asked for \$750 million in economic aid to Egypt as part of a \$3.4 billion Middle East aid package that went to Congress last week. This was three times what Egypt had received last year—evidently a reward for Sadat's willingness to come to an agreement with Israel on the Sinai last August. Over and above the aid, which must wait for congressional approval, the U.S. agreed to sell Egypt \$98.1 million worth of much-needed wheat under favorable terms.

Warm Friendship. Although Ford had met the Egyptian leader only once before—in Salzburg last June—he greeted him with assurances of "warm personal friendship." Later there were two hour-long meetings in the Oval Office. At a state dinner Sadat—who does not dance—was whirled round by Singer Pearl Bailey as part of her act. This week Sadat will meet Ford twice more—at the Jacksonville, Fla., estate of Oil Millionaire Raymond Mason and at the White House; he will also address a joint session of Congress.

For both the U.S. and Egypt, the purpose of all the cordiality was to maintain the momentum created by the Egyptian-Israeli accords on the Sinai, in the hope that more substantive agreements may follow. The U.S. also hopes to encourage its ripening friendship with

Sadat, who has been blasting the Soviet Union since the October 1973 war for denying him new arms and meddling in the Middle East. As for Sadat, though he insisted that he had not brought a shopping list, he is known to be anxious to buy \$5 billion worth of arms from the U.S. over the next five years.

Coming after two decades of severely strained U.S.-Egyptian relations, however, the new era of good will did have its bad moments. At a banquet given by Sadat at Washington's Anderson House, Ford raised his glass of sparkling Catawba juice and said, turning to Sadat, "To you, and the people you represent, the great people of the government of Israel." Amid gasps, Ford could only say lamely, "Egypt... excuse me." Later the two leaders reportedly laughed politely over the slip. Sadat's press secretary, Tahsin Bashir (see *THE PRESS*), cracked a barbed joke, "Perhaps President Ford is suggesting that Sadat will be President of Israel as well."

Sadat also made a blunder. After a moderate speech at Washington's National Press Club, Sadat was asked his opinion of a U.N. draft resolution on Zionism that is to be voted upon by the General Assembly next week. The draft resolution, which condemns Zionism as a form of racism, was sponsored by the Arab League, including Egypt, and approved by the General Assembly's Social Committee, 70 to 29 with 27 abstentions. Sadat's strikingly personal reply provoked sharp criticism. He recalled that in 1950, "after seven years of concentration camp and prison," he

*Sadat was imprisoned by the British from 1942 to 1944 for collaborating with the Germans. He was jailed again from 1946 to 1949 for having allegedly participated in the assassination of Finance Minister Amin Osman Pasha.



SADAT IN WASHINGTON
A rewarding friendship.

could not buy a radio from shopkeepers in Egypt because "all the dealers and everything in our country were in the hands of the Jews." Sadat added that "Zionism brought to the area bitterness, violence, hatred and killing."

No Key. The anti-Zionist U.N. resolution continued to plague Sadat as he headed for New York to address the General Assembly. Mayor Abraham Beame, who had offered to give Sadat the key to the city, withdrew the invitation when he realized that many of New York's 2.4 million Jews might regard any welcome as bad taste—and worse politics. The insult was compounded by Governor Hugh Carey, who also declined to see Sadat. Then when he arrived at the U.N., he was greeted by cries of "Down with Sadat! Long live Palestine!" from Palestinian sympathizers on Dag Hammarskjöld Plaza.

Unperturbed, Sadat delivered a characteristically low-key speech to the General Assembly that appealed for help in reconvening the Geneva talks on an overall Middle East settlement. He attempted to placate Arabs critical of the Sinai accords by calling for Palestine Liberation Organization participation in the talks and urging the U.S. to initiate a dialogue with the Palestinians. At the same time he urged Syria to seek a disengagement agreement with Israel. Most U.N. delegations politely applauded Sadat. The Syrians and the Israelis did not applaud at all.

Israel did have at least one cause for applause last week as a result of its accords with Sadat. For the first time since 1959, a ship with Israel-bound cargo was about to go through the Suez Canal: the Greek vessel *Olympus*, loaded with some 8,000 tons of cement from Rumania. In addition, Sadat figured in Israeli Prime Minister Yitzhak Rabin's decision to postpone his scheduled visit

FORD TOASTING THE EGYPTIAN PRESIDENT WITH A SLIP OF THE TONGUE





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THE WORLD

to the U.S. from November to December, or even later. Mainly, Rabin wishes to avoid U.S. pressure to negotiate an accord with Syria on the Golan Heights before the U.N. mandate expires on Nov. 30. But some observers believe that Rabin is increasingly aware of Sadat's dazzling TV smile and generally appealing public image. He would reportedly like to see that image fade a bit before making his own appearance in the U.S.

AUSTRALIA

Utter Cussedness

There was no election scheduled or in sight, but Australia last week was ablaze with impassioned political rallies, complete with flesh pressing, placard waving and, of course, blunt "Strine" rhetoric. Prime Minister Gough Whitlam was under attack by Opposition Leader Malcolm Fraser, ostensibly for his government's involvement in a po-

ehold supply"—that is, cut off money essential to government operation.

Fraser was using a tricky loophole in the constitution in his effort to bring down "by far the worst government Australia has ever had." The Senate, which has ten members for each of Australia's six states, cannot render a no-confidence vote. Only the directly elected House has that power, and it is controlled by Whitlam's Labor Party 65-to-62. But Fraser's hope is that when money runs out by the end of November because of the blocked budget, Whitlam will be forced to call a general election.

Whitlam's government is unquestionably vulnerable. Mishandling of the domestic economy helped produce the highest unemployment (5.1%) in more than 30 years and a 16.9% inflation rate. Then came the scandal that gave Fraser his immediate issue: two Cabinet ministers were forced to resign from Whitlam's government on charges of misleading Parliament about covert negotiations for "overseas loans" through questionable channels to develop Aus-

VIET NAM

End of an Ordeal

When Hanoi launched its massive offensive last spring, South Viet Nam's defenses collapsed so quickly that a number of Western civilians fell captive to the advancing Communist forces. Last week the North Vietnamese released 14 civilians, all but one of whom had been seized in the Central Highlands capital of Ban Me Thuot and held for 7½ months. Among them were nine Americans including U.S. Consular Officer James Lewis, five missionaries and the six-year-old daughter of a missionary couple. TIMI Correspondent David Aikman met the returnees in Bangkok and cabled this account of their ordeal:

Captured by startled North Vietnamese who were conducting a house-to-house search last March, the missionaries had their hands bound and were trucked to a "re-education camp" being used to interrogate South Vietnamese prisoners of war. For five weeks the missionaries lived in the camp's leaky huts and tried to cope with hordes of snakes and scorpions. Although there was sufficient rice, there was little else to eat, and most of the prisoners lost 20 lbs. or more; eight of the 14 contracted malaria. "Our captors were very edgy," recalls Mrs. Lillian Phillips, a member of the Christian Missionary Alliance who was captured along with her husband Richard. "But there was no brutality, no harsh treatment."

Same Questions. Between April and August, the group was moved four times, ultimately being taken by truck up to North Viet Nam. During the journey through the South, their small convoy passed a group of children who shouted excitedly: "The Americans are back! The Americans are back!" Inside North Viet Nam, the missionaries were interned at Son Tay Camp, near Hanoi, which was the target of an abortive raid to release U.S. military prisoners in 1970 (they had been moved elsewhere just before the raid).

To keep themselves busy, the prisoners studied their Bibles, prayed and kept diaries; Mrs. Phillips baffled her guards by chasing butterflies. Everyone was interrogated 15 or 20 times. The Communists always asked the same questions: Who were they? What was their profession? Their rank? Had the U.S. financed their work in Southeast Asia? Until the very end, the North Vietnamese seemed determined to prove that the missionaries were in the pay of the Central Intelligence Agency. At times the prisoners managed to turn the tables on their interrogators. Mrs. Betty Mitchell, a Christian Missionary Alliance member who had worked in the Ban Me Thuot area for nearly two decades, told the camp commandant: "One day you are going to meet your maker and you will have to answer to him."



WHITLAM IN MELBOURNE

Absolute resolve and mutual abstinence.



FRASER IN SYDNEY

litical scandal. "Either he knew everything that was going on, in which case he's a liar, or, alternatively, he's a fool," said Fraser. For his part, Whitlam castigated the opposition as "reactionary, conservative fascists [who] have stopped at nothing to destroy democracy."

Tricky Loophole. What Australians were so worked up about was the fact that the nation now faces its most serious constitutional crisis since independence in 1901. The trouble began when the House of Representatives approved Whitlam's budget bills and sent them on to the Senate, which is narrowly controlled by a conservative coalition of Fraser's Liberals and the National Country Party. Violating a traditional understanding for the first time in Australian history, the Senate blocked the budget by exercising its power to "with-

drawn energy resources. Between May 1974 and last month, Whitlam's approval rating in the polls dropped from 55% to 35%.

But Whitlam, a crowd-pleasing orator, is at his best in a fight, and in recent weeks he has been drawing his largest audiences in years. No Australian government has been subjected "to such utter cussedness and harassment," he said. If Whitlam is not inclined to duck the present face-off, neither is Fraser, particularly after picking up the public support last month of respected former Prime Minister Sir Robert Menzies.

In interviews with TIME, both Fraser and Whitlam reaffirmed their mutual obstinacy. Said Fraser: "Our resolve is complete, absolute." The Prime Minister put it more bluntly: "One side has to crumble."



DEWI SUKARNO TRIES OUT THE LATEST IN FURS FROM THE HOUSE OF DIOR

No, that's not Madame Butterfly in a fur coat. The fashion plate is **Dewi Sukarno**, 35, widowed fourth wife of former Indonesian President Sukarno, and she just dropped by Paris' House of Dior to sample a new furry creation. Now a Parisienne, Dewi has been working on a book about the Sukarno regime and its overthrow by the army in 1967. "No social life, no parties for me until the end of the year," claimed Dewi. "I'm

just concentrating on the book." Well, during the day perhaps. At night the former first lady is still seen at Paris night spots observing the "hustle-bump" in the company of the **Duke de Sabran-Pontevès**, 32, a real estate promoter and one of her several current admirers.

The man placing the phone call looked suspiciously like a refugee from a one-dollar bill. Passing New Yorkers, though, did not seem to notice. "Why should they?" asked Actor **Richard Basehart**, who had dressed himself up as George Washington to rehearse a *Hallmark Hall of Fame* TV special titled *Valley Forge*. "In New York you can walk around in a monkey suit and people just say, 'Oh, there's another one'."

His tour of the U.S. had been a source of historical satisfaction to many Japanese, but last week, after he had returned home to Tokyo, **Emperor Hiro-**

hito delivered an astonishing opinion that outraged many of his countrymen. During an unprecedented open press conference, Hirohito was asked his opinion of the U.S. use of atomic bombs in 1945. The Emperor paused, then replied "I feel sorry for the citizens of Hiroshima, but the bombing could not be helped, as the war at that time was going on." That extraordinary remark understandably touched sensitive nerves throughout Japan. Said one official of the Japan Council Against Atomic and Hydrogen Bombs: "It is exactly this kind of thinking that will eventually lead humanity to its total destruction."

That mumbling, groping way that Don Corleone talked in *The Godfather* may not have been due entirely to the Stanislavsky method. "I found it helpful," said **Marlon Brando** on a *Mike Douglas Show* to be broadcast this week. "Not to know one single line and to have lines written on the boards." "And on the pocket and the body of another actor," interrupted *Godfather* Director **Francis Ford Coppola**. On one occasion, Coppola added, he wondered why Brando was handling a melon in such a strange, reflective way. "Then I saw," he said, "that some of Brando's dialogue had been written on the melon."

Remember **Nguyen Cao Ky**? He of the purple ascot and the praises for Adolf Hitler? The former South Vietnamese Premier, who fled to the U.S. last May, is working the college lecture circuit these days. His standard lecture, delivered last week at the University of Florida, includes a proposal that the U.S. send troops to Viet Nam to protect refugees who want to return home. The students greeted Ky's talk with boos, jeers and a sign that said: OUT OF VIET NAM FOREVER. When it came to question time, the first questioner asked about Ky's rumored involvement with the heroin trade. Ky's response was to walk offstage, under heavy police guard.

Does he or doesn't he? Balding Boston Red Sox Pitcher and World Series Star **Luis Tiant** sat still last week while a hair stylist shaped, clipped and fastened on a new \$750 hairpiece from Monsanto (the same company that carpets baseball stadiums with AstroTurf). "That hurts, but not as much as a home run," observed Tiant as the new curls were woven into the real hair on his head. "That's how my hair got thinner—from too many home run pitches."

RICHARD BASEHART ON THE HORN



STYLIST WIGS OUT TIAN



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1976 Datsun B-210 Hatchback

1969 Datsun 510

DATSUN DAVES

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This rolling research lab is helping America take advantage of an energy source that's been around for years.

The energy resource is coal. Right now, our country has nearly one-third of the world's coal reserves. This is more energy than our oil and gas reserves put together—and twice the energy of Middle Eastern oil reserves.

However, burning coal presents some potential environmental problems. One of these is from pollutants known as oxides of nitrogen or "NOx" emissions.

Research against pollution.

To help industry and electric utilities reduce these pollutants, the U.S. Government awarded a research contract to Exxon Research and Engineering—a company with many years of experience in the science of burning fossil fuels.

This research is intended to help operators of electric power generating plants burn coal more cleanly. It will also help equipment manufac-

turers design new power plant boilers which will produce less pollution in the future.

The TIGER Van.

To help collect the data needed, Exxon designed and built the rolling research lab you see below.

It's called the "Traveling Industrial Gaseous Emission Research" vehicle—nicknamed "TIGER" van by the Exxon researchers who operate it.

Traveling from power plant to power plant, the TIGER van conducts on-site tests.

The five-man team of Exxon engineers and technicians aboard the van uses sophisticated probes to look inside power plant boilers and ducts. These probes collect emission samples and send them back to the TIGER van where they are analyzed and recorded.

The data is used to test new and



return.

different methods of burning coal to reduce pollution. It's also sent to Exxon's Research Center for further interpretation by our combustion scientists.

Some results are in.

Over the past four years, field tests have been conducted on 25 coal-



Probes inserted into the power plant's boiler and ducts enable Exxon researchers to test new ways of reducing emissions.

fired power plant boilers in these studies, as well as on oil- and gas-fired boilers. Exxon engineers have been able to reduce NO_x emissions from coal-fired boilers by as much as 60 percent in short-term tests. Longer term tests are needed to confirm these results.

The published findings of this research have been made available to utility operators, boiler designers and others working in environmental and energy research.

Because of this encouraging track record, the TIGER van is on the road again this year to do more research on coal-fired boilers. And its assignment is being expanded to study other power generating equipment—including gas turbine generators, giant stationary internal combustion engines, and mixed- and refuse-fueled furnaces.

The TIGER van—it's one way Exxon, the government, electric



The TIGER Team—left to right: Bob Schneider, Bob Johnston, Lou Blacken and Al Crawford. These skilled researchers are traveling around the nation to help utilities bring you more and cleaner energy.

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NOVICE LAWYER SQUEAKY FROMME AT WORK

A Fool for a Client?

A favorite slogan of the legal profession is that anyone who attempts to defend himself in a court of law "has a fool for a client." Yet the Supreme Court recently ruled that the Sixth Amendment "grants to the accused personally the right to make his own defense." It also ruled, in the 1974 case involving the Nixon tapes, that a President "must yield to the demonstrated, specific need for evidence in a pending [federal] criminal trial." As a result of those rulings, Lynette ("Squeaky") Fromme will be acting as her own counsel when she goes on trial this week for attempting to assassinate President Ford, and she will be able to use testimony that the defense compelled Ford to provide.

Though no President has ever testified in person at a criminal trial while in office, "Lawyer" Fromme and her court-appointed co-counsel, John Virga, requested that District Court Judge Thomas MacBride order Ford to appear in court to testify on behalf of the defense. Despite Justice Department objections, MacBride agreed and last week ordered Ford to testify and to be questioned by Virga. He did add, however, that Ford could limit himself to a videotaped deposition in Washington, an innovative technical advance that makes it possible for juries to watch and hear witnesses who cannot appear in court.

A Click. Did Squeaky Fromme intend to assassinate Ford as he glad-handed his way through a crowd in Sacramento? Or was it all a wild publicity stunt? Several witnesses claim they heard a click when Squeaky pointed her pistol. Yet Ford, who was standing two feet away from his potential assassin, has already asserted that he has "no recollection of hearing the handgun click." The defense has now won the right to probe that further.

As her own counsel, Squeaky has accepted the need for a trained co-coun-

sel, but she rejected Public Defender E. Richard Walker as a man with whom she had "no rapport." MacBride then assigned her to Virga. The judge has let her speak up at all pretrial hearings, so long as the two co-counsel do not speak up at once. To prepare her case, Squeaky has been virtually exempted from jailhouse routine. She is also entitled to have access to law books. Squeaky's studies have doubtless turned up a further advantage to acting as her own lawyer: she can decline to testify, then as counsel sum up her case without having to subject herself to cross-examination.

Despite these benefits, many lawyers believe that the old rule against a defendant representing himself still applies. "She is ill-advised and is increasing the likelihood that she will stay in jail," says Monroe Freedman, dean of the Hofstra University law school. He points out that defendants who act as their own lawyers tend to get tangled up with issues extraneous to the case.

Needless of warnings from the bench, Fromme has already digressed into some of her pet causes, such as the fate of California's redwoods, because, she argues, "the defendant's state of mind" at the time of the Ford incident "may be directly concerned with such social matters." But Judge MacBride has ruled that he will block any testimony and evidence that he thinks is irrelevant to the case. Squeaky has already demonstrated, however, that she is inclined to say whatever she likes. On one occasion, she even turned on the judge, an avid duck hunter, and declared: "It's shameful that you have to shoot birds out of the sky for recreation." The judge had no answer to offer.

The Prisons Overflow

Louisiana's department of corrections is thinking of bringing a World War II troopship out of mothballs to serve as an auxiliary prison. The Florida State Prison at Starke has 646 inmates living in Army tents and converted warehouses. Georgia's maximum-security prison at Reidsville is so overcrowded that 119 prisoners are forced to double up in 8-ft. by 5-ft. cells. "It ain't pretty," says a prison guard. "But it's all we can do right now."

State prison systems around the country are backing up like flooded sewers, particularly in the South. To alleviate the glut in Georgia's prisons, Corrections Commissioner Allen Ault last month announced that no new inmates would be accepted in any of the state's 37

correctional facilities. Last week the state took an even more drastic step: it released 350 inmates, mainly first offenders with one year or less to serve.

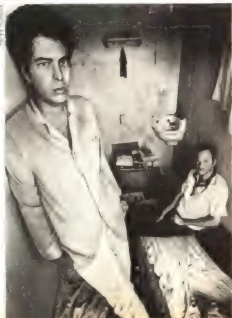
Nationwide, the prison population is now more than 200,000, an all-time high. The Florida prison system is gaining nearly 100 inmates a week, swelling its population to 15,000 convicts, more than double the count ten years ago. The Oklahoma State Penitentiary at McAlester is teeming with 1,300 convicts, more than triple its safe capacity of 400. In Iowa, the prison population has doubled in the past 18 months.

There is no one single reason why prisons have become so packed recently, but experts point to a number of factors: a skyrocketing crime rate, more efficient police departments, harsher sentences, tougher parole boards.

Some courts have tried to reduce the crowding, but without much success. In 1970, for example, a federal judge in Louisiana ruled that conditions in a New Orleans prison constituted cruel and unusual punishment and ordered the convict population cut from 1,200 to 450; it is still almost double that. Federal courts in Alabama, Mississippi and Florida have acted similarly, with similar results. Convicts for whom there is no room in state prisons languish in overcrowded county jails. A group of county sheriffs in Georgia has threatened to go to federal court because the 700 prison-bound convicts in their jails are "a threat to their communities."

One obvious solution would be to build more large prisons, but penologists do not believe that will work either. Says Georgia Commissioner Ault: "The more prisons you build, the more inmates you'll end up cramming inside."

GEORGIA CONVICTS IN AN 8-FT. BY 5-FT. CELL





MOON ORATING; RIGHT: SHEERAN, DISTRAUGHT MOTHER SPEAK AT ANTI-MOON MEETING

RELIGION

Mad About Moon

"I will conquer and subjugate the world," says Sun Myung Moon. "I am your brain." The latter statement is quite literally true for a growing coterie of young American converts, who regard the South Korean cult leader (TIME, Sept. 30, 1974) as the second Christ. Asking no questions, they obediently hawk candy and flowers, raising millions to spread the faith. They exist on a shoe-string, while Moon, 55, lives in lordly fashion in a 25-room mansion in New York's Westchester County.

His Unification Church's national budget alone is \$11 million, not counting the expenses of 120 local branches and affiliates. The cult grows steadily and currently claims 30,000 members, 7,000 of whom live in Moon communities. All believe that a "Lord of the Second Advent" (Moon, though this is not stated publicly) will redeem mankind physically by fathering a perfect family. A blend of Christian terminology, occultism and dualism is taught in Moon's scripture, *The Divine Principle*.

Flared Up. While Moon's converts are unquestioning, others are not. In recent months, many Moon disputes have flared up. The Unification Church is in court to regain a tax exemption for an estate in the town of Greenburgh, N.Y., where it has purchased \$9 million worth of properties since 1972. In New York City the church, which regards itself as a Christian sect, is suing for the right to join the local council of churches after becoming the first applicant ever rejected by the council. With criticism of

Moon growing, Buckminster Fuller, Norman Cousins and others have withdrawn as advisers for a meeting of eminent world scholars Nov. 27-30 in Manhattan, organized by a Moon front.

The growing opposition to the Moon cult focuses primarily on worries about what it is doing to the minds of its young converts. In Dutchess County, N.Y., District Attorney Albert Rosenblatt is investigating complaints from parents that their children have been "brain-washed" in high-pressure courses at the church's Barrytown training center. Rosenblatt also wonders why so many Moon cultists require emergency-room treatment at a local hospital.

Around the country, hundreds of parents have been driven to near hysteria by changes in their convert children's behavior and by reports of brainwashing. They are filing suits and banding into anti-Moon groups. Some parents have even resorted to abduction. In many cases they use "Deprogrammer" Ted Patrick, who for a fee conducts counterbrainwashing of cultists.

One typical worried parent is New Jersey's state insurance commissioner James Sheeran, three of whose daughters—Vicki, 25, Jaime, 24, and Josette, 21—are Moon converts. He wants laws to protect people from "cruel and exotic entrapment of their minds, souls and bodies." Late one night last August, Sheeran decided to act when Josette, normally compassionate, showed little interest upon learning that her grandmother was in the hospital. He, his wife and a son drove to Moon's school to seek Josette. Fifteen Moon men materialized,

a scuffle ensued, and state police arrived amid mutual charges of assault.

Last week Sheeran and 500 other parents met at a Westchester County synagogue whose rabbi, Maurice Davis, heads a 500-family national anti-Moon organization called Citizens Engaged in Reuniting Families. Some 20 young defectors from the Moon cult were present; several urged their elders to drive up to Barrytown and rescue their children. Distraught parents gave one another moral support.

Fervent Foes. The most fervent Moon foes are ex-devotes. Three of them have just started another group, International Foundation for Individual Freedom (I.F.I.F.), to attack Moonism and other cults such as the Children of God, Divine Light Mission and Hare Krishna. One of I.F.I.F.'s founders is Denise Peskin, 20, who spent 8½ weeks in Moon training and was later "deprogrammed" by Patrick. Like many converts, she thought she was joining a secular social-reform movement. Only later, at Moon's "New Ideal City Ranch" north of San Francisco, did she encounter the religious cult aspects, which Moon groups sometimes conceal at first to avoid turning off prospective recruits. The program included weeks of nonstop indoctrination, yelling and punching by instructors and little sleep. One graduate of the farm calls its treatment "psychological abuse," another "subliminal fascism." To all, the frightening aspect was the psychological coercion they underwent when they tried to leave. Harvard Psychiatrist John Clark Jr. recently testified in District of Columbia Superior Court that the ex-Moonies he had examined seemed physically and emotionally exhausted; a few were psychotic.

Moon has left it to disciples to reply to the attacks. At Barrytown, where 176 devotees are currently enrolled in short-term courses and a new seminary, Director of Training Joe Tully is indignant. He told TIME's Eileen Shields that dropouts lack moral "will power" and feel they have to justify themselves. Tully agrees that converts undergo a dramatic transformation but denies that Moon people use any sinister methods.

The most intriguing unanswered question about Moonism is why young people from well-to-do families are attracted to it. Moon converts seem to have had little attachment to other religions and appear to be grasping for a sense of stability and morality. Says Defector Paula Mazur, a New York University senior: "They impress on you how to live a very idealistic life, how to really change the world. All the people I met were moralistic at a time when morals are going down the drain." Whatever the morals of Moonism, Jack Kerry, the Moon watcher in the California attorney general's office, sees the movement as "extremely dangerous" and adds: "I think this whole situation is going to really explode."



"Now let's see... if Billy had 3 oranges and Tommy took 2 of them away..."

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Thumping the Pols

To most Americans, Gerald R. Ford is a commoner of uncommon candor, an Everyman struggling manfully with the job of President. To Reporter Richard Reeves, Ford is "slow, unimaginative and not very articulate"—and none too candid either. In *A Ford, Not a Lincoln* (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; \$8.95), a new and widely discussed account of Ford's first 100 days, Reeves calls Ford's rise to the presidency "a triumph of lowest-common-denominator politics, the survival of the man without enemies, the least objectionable alternative." He adds: "The President of the U.S. is just another pol."



RICHARD REEVES IN HIS WASHINGTON HOME
But will it play in Georgetown?

Reeves, 38, a contributing editor of *New York* magazine, is not just another political reporter. In a journalistic specialty known for apple polishing, he has made his way by following the old maxim that the best way for a reporter to look upon a politician is, as a misanthropic editor once said, "down." "I do have a bias in writing about politicians," Reeves admits. "I don't feel any great obligation to recount their many and varied personal and professional virtues. That is what they, or the taxpayers, are paying for in the salaries and fees of press secretaries, media advisers and advertising agencies." He picked up his fond contempt for politicians from the feid municipal air of Jersey City, where he grew up as the son of a county judge. "There were two groups of politicians there," Reeves recalls, "those who

sold out and those who went to jail."

At first avoiding politics, he studied engineering at Hoboken's Stevens Institute of Technology, graduated in 1960 and worked days as an engineer, nights as editor of a local weekly. Reeves found he liked newspapering so much that he became a reporter for the Newark *Evening News*, made a name uncovering political corruption and eventually landed at the *New York Times*.

Pot Reactions. In three years he leaped over a city-roomful of old *Times* hands to become chief New York political reporter. Reeves also aroused enough jealousies to keep him from climbing further, so he quit in 1971 and became a one-man journalistic conglomerate. He wrote for both *Harper's* and *New York*, lectured at a local university, did consulting work for the Ford Foundation, was a host for a local TV talk show and took on a syndicated radio program—a regimen that brought him \$75,000 a year.

Reeves began interviewing the first 150 sources for his book after Ford became Vice President, then followed him to the White House, interrogating aides at their homes and reading mountains of documents. Says he: "My eyes went bleary and my back hurt." Reeves had occasionally talked with Ford, but never asked for a formal interview after he became President. "His reactions to questions in other interviews seemed pat," Reeves says. "I didn't think he would be of any value to me."

Reeves' methods have long been heterodox. He generally avoids the telephone ("You rarely get into digressions on the phone, and digressions are often the most useful"), and he does not join those colleagues who would cover up a public figure's private peccadilloes. (Ford Aide Robert Hartmann, he writes, was "nasty, vindictive and loud—and that was when he was sober.") Reeves typically refuses to run with the pack. While much of the press was still awed by George McGovern's primary victories early in 1972, Reeves was already debunking his fellow liberal. Says *New York* Editor Clay Felker: "Dick says things that may not go down well on the Georgetown circuit."

Reeves' pungent observations and equally pungent style do go down well with many colleagues, editors and even some critics who have panned the book. In a disapproving review last week, Conservative Columnist William F. Buckley Jr. accused Reeves of exaggeration but

nonetheless placed him "among the two or three sprightliest political writers in America."

In his scramble to success, Reeves has had to spread himself thin—too thin, according to *Harper's* editors, who did not renew his one-year arrangement with the magazine in 1972. But Reeves has recently been trying to reduce his commitments. Last May he left the TV job with relief ("I felt like Barbara Walters in drag"), and plans to write only one more book about politics; it will be on the 1976 campaign. "After that, maybe I'll get a cabin and write fiction," Reeves says. "I love politics. It's more interesting than the National Football League. But it gets caught up in its own needs and rules. Like wives, politicians need to be beaten regularly."

Reeves seems to enjoy thumping them too much to quit, but his book exudes a pessimism about politicians as sour as the west wind from Jersey City. Like television, McDonald's restaurants and much else in American life, Reeves laments, electoral politics nowadays is geared less toward producing quality than ensuring blandness. He sees fewer capable leaders—even fewer gifted scallaws—and more dull, "least objectionable" alternatives: more Jerry Fords. Says Reeves: "I have seen the future, and it scares the hell out of me."

Sadat's P.R. Man

Egyptian President Anwar Sadat had not even unpacked his bag in Washington before a taped interview with him appeared on ABC's *Issues and Answers*, he later spoke at a National Press Club lunch, and held two press briefings. Said an admiring Gerald Ford as he greeted Sadat on the White House lawn: "You will find that many of our people have come to know you through news reports and through the many interviews you have granted so graciously to representatives of our media."

Sadat's press campaign had been carefully choreographed by Tahsin Bashir, 50, a moon-faced, cigar-smoking intellectual who had served as Egypt's spokesman at the United Nations and as Arab League information officer before Sadat last year named him presidential press adviser. Bashir's first step was to abandon the censorship and tone down the anti-Zionist rhetoric that used to dominate Egyptian press policy. "If anybody photographed a camel in our streets," he says of the xenophobic old days, "it was considered treason."

By easing access to Sadat and giving journalists almost daily nuggets of news about his Middle East peace efforts, Bashir has been trying to project Sadat as a paradigm of moderation. When that image was threatened by the

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Q. Which is the only one with front-wheel drive for better tracking stability?



☐ BMW 304



☐ MERCEDES 280



☐ AUDI 100LS



☐ JAGUAR xj6



☐ CADILLAC SEVILLE

Q. Which is the only one with CTS fuel injection giving it by far the greater gas mileage—30 mpg on the highway and 20 mpg in the city? (EPA estimates.)†



☐ AUDI 100LS



☐ MERCEDES 280



☐ BMW 304



☐ JAGUAR xj6



☐ CADILLAC SEVILLE

†FOR THE STANDARD SHIFT MODEL. THE ACTUAL MILEAGE YOU GET MAY VARY, DEPENDING ON THE TYPE OF DRIVING YOU DO, YOUR DRIVING HABITS, YOUR CAR'S CONDITION AND OPTIONAL EQUIPMENT.

Q. Which has a torsion-crank rear axle for a smooth ride?



☐ JAGUAR xj6



☐ CADILLAC SEVILLE



☐ MERCEDES 280



☐ AUDI 100LS



☐ BMW 304

Q. Which of these luxury cars, with its orthopedically-designed seats, costs about half as much as the others?



☐ JAGUAR xj6



☐ MERCEDES 280



☐ AUDI 100LS



☐ CADILLAC SEVILLE



☐ BMW 304

Q. Which is the only one with negative steering-roll radius to instantly and automatically self-correct in a front-wheel blowout?



□ MERCEDES 280



□ AUDI 100LS



□ JAGUAR XJ6



□ CADILLAC SEVILLE



□ BMW 318i

Q. Which has the most trunk space?



□ CADILLAC SEVILLE



□ JAGUAR XJ6



□ MERCEDES 280



□ BMW 318i



□ AUDI 100LS

Q. Which was voted one of the 10 best cars for a changing world by Road & Track?



□ JAGUAR XJ6



□ CADILLAC SEVILLE



□ AUDI 100LS



□ BMW 318i



□ MERCEDES 280

Q. Which costs about \$5000 less than the others?



□ CADILLAC SEVILLE



□ JAGUAR XJ6



□ BMW 318i



□ MERCEDES 280



□ AUDI 100LS

(The answers is Audi!)



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THE PRESS

breakdown of talks at Aswan last March, Bashir lined up interviews for his boss with U.S. news organizations to explain Egypt's position. Bashir was a key figure behind the extensive sight-seeing tours for Henry Kissinger during his Middle East peace shuttles, tours that turned evening news programs round the world into virtual travelogues for Egypt.

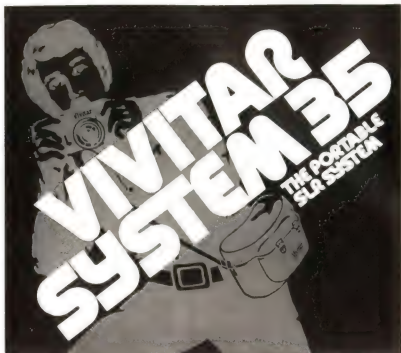
Sadat's supersalesman first learned the art of getting along in Alexandria, where he grew up during the Lawrence Durrell era of cosmopolitan concord among the city's Arabs, Jews and Europeans. As a graduate student at Harvard in the 1950s, he debated with a number of young Jews who are now helping run Israel. "They were simply human beings with whom I happened to disagree," he says. Bashir has not always got along with everybody, howev-



EGYPTIAN SPOKESMAN TAHISIN BASHIR
No more treasonous camels.

er. He temporarily lost his government scholarship to Harvard for criticizing the nascent Nasser government, and he was fired from a foreign ministry job in 1972 for opposing the Soviet Union. "If the price of speaking freely is getting sacked now and then," says Bashir, "I'm willing to pay it."

That candor was much in evidence last week when Bashir assisted his U.S. counterpart, Ron Nessen, at a White House press briefing. Nessen first tried to ban microphones and film crews from the session, but Bashir objected. And when Nessen got into a shouting match with a reporter over a question about Saudi Arabian anti-Semitism, Bashir interrupted with a polite answer: "We don't indulge in the internal affairs of Saudi Arabia or the United States." Said one White House press corps veteran: "He could teach Nessen a thing or two."



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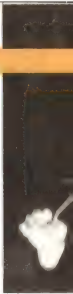
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COVER STORY

Music's Wonder Woman

When Sarah Caldwell was a child in Maryville, Mo., her favorite day of the year was the Fourth of July. She loved to stage elaborate backyard fireworks. As would happen later on, Sarah's creativity was challenged. "I was not allowed to bring them home until the night before," she recalls, "but I had them put aside for me in stores all over town. I would set them all out on the table and look them over: sparklers, snakes, cherry bombs, Roman candles, firecrackers. Then I'd make my plans." Sarah's displays were a hit in Maryville. She says with satisfaction: "I was a specialist in nighttime fireworks."

Today the stick that Sarah uses in her shows is a baton instead of a punk. As for the fuses, they are infinitely more elaborate connections. But at Boston's Orpheum theater, or wherever her Opera Company of Boston is playing, she lights up music, just as she did the Maryville sky, with boldly inventive productions.

She is justly called the first lady of American opera, but there is no one man in the U.S. who can match her versatility, resourcefulness and sheer talent. In just a few years, all by herself, she built a great opera company in Boston, a city that did not really want one. Operating in what a colleague describes as "a wilderness of gymnasiums, hockey rinks, old movie houses, an indoor track and a converted flower stall," Caldwell produced operas, including difficult ones that no one else would touch, and staged them ingeniously (she had to, given her cramped quarters). Working day and night as her own conductor, administrative boss, stage director, talent hunter, principal researcher and fund raiser, she has become a symbol of the vigorous growth of opera in dozens of cities around the U.S. She is also one of the great impresarios in all the American performing arts.

Boston has known and enjoyed this for years. From now on Sarah Caldwell, 51, is going to be hard to miss elsewhere around the U.S. and not just because she carries close to 300 lbs. on a 5-ft. 3-in. frame. Next week she will become the second woman to mount the podium at the New York Philharmonic (the famed French pianist and teacher Nadia Boulanger was the first, in 1939). The program, co-sponsored by *Ms* magazine, will be entirely devoted to the works of women composers (see box page 59). In January she will become the first woman ever to conduct at New York's Metropolitan Opera, leading Verdi's *La Traviata*, starring Beverly Sills. In addition to all this, she is conducting the Pittsburgh, Detroit, New Orleans and San Antonio symphonies this season.

It was Dr. Samuel Johnson who described opera as "an exotic and irrational entertainment." No one exemplifies that early

diagnosis more than Caldwell. Her success story is anything but logical or coherent. Her energy would be impressive for a basketball star; for a beach ball of a woman, it is phenomenal. Her friend Beverly Sills describes Sarah's voice as "Ezio Pinza imitating a woman," but she can sweet-talk almost anybody out of and into, anything.

With no money of her own to work with, she has extravagantly invested other people's in her productions. On occasion she has had to raise the curtain on an unfinished set. Once a curtain went up an hour late while stagehands were assured that their checks would not bounce. Costumes have been left in pieces on the floor when designer racks were seized for nonpayment. Most of the time, generous supporters have managed to rescue her. There was, for example, the night the trucks rolled up from St. Louis with the sets for *La Traviata*. The C.O.D. charge was \$9,600. Caldwell offered the drivers a check. They were not amused. What to do? She phoned an executive owner of Boston's Stop & Shop food chain, and a store manager obligingly made the rounds of the stores and returned with the needed amount in 10s and 20s stuffed into brown paper bags. Next morning all was well as Soprano Joan Sutherland arrived for her first rehearsal.

Caldwell's simple but consuming ambition is to give her fans a good evening of musical theater. "The fact is that great musical pieces take and hold the stage because they provide great emotional experiences," she says. So convinced, she relates everything to opera in general and her company in particular. In the days when a terrified city was on guard against the Boston Strangler, she remarked, "Wouldn't it be wonderful if they'd catch the strangler at the opera?"

She is absent-minded about anything not connected with her work and casual about her own money, as distinct from production funds. She has lost a small fortune in pocketbooks left in restaurants all over town. A friend once squeezed into her little car with Sarah and was startled to find \$5 and \$10 bills from a paper bag "floating all over the car and out the window" as they breezed down the turnpike. More concerned about her public image now, Sarah pays greater attention to her clothes. But only a few years ago, if a button popped on a blouse, she would simply pin it with a brooch. On really bad days she could be seen waddling through town with her entire chest hung with brooches of all description—medals of a long campaign.

With an initial nest egg of only \$5,000, Caldwell's company



began as the Opera Group of Boston in 1957. After a while, its home, the commodious Back Bay Theater, was torn down in favor of an apartment building. Unruffled, Caldwell marched on, and by 1965 the group had grown into a full-fledged company, and its name was changed. Today the Opera Company of Boston performs in the 2,000-seat Orpheum, a former vaudeville and movie house that has a stage only 26 ft. deep and no pit at all; the orchestra sits on the main floor. To conduct, Caldwell enters through a side door, pads down an aisle in slippers, and plops onto the canvas director's chair that serves as her podium.

In this and other unlikely showcases, Caldwell has staged the U.S. premieres of such diverse works as Berlioz's *The Trojans*, Schoenberg's *Moses and Aron* and Rameau's *Hippolyte et Aricie*. With Caldwell, Sutherland appeared in the first U.S. staging of Bellini's *I Puritani* and the first since 1906 of Rossini's *Semiramide*. Over a 13-year period, Soprano Sills has sung in 15 Caldwell productions. Marilyn Horne, Tito Gobbi, Nicolai Gedda, Plácido Domingo and Jon Vickers have all sung with her.

Audiences jaded by the clichés of opera-as-usual have been delighted by Caldwell's frequent and highly plausible new looks at old friends. Violetta in *Traviata* emerges not as the usual high-class tart with a heart of gold, but as an older woman resigned to her fate. The Druid priestess Norma? An albino, whose white hair and skin made her people think she was possessed and therefore a powerful leader.

Boston, so far at least, is not a city that can support two months of repertory opera, like Chicago and San Francisco. Caldwell puts on four or five operas a season between January and June. For each production, she assembles a cast for two weeks of rehearsals and then a week of performances. Doing her operas one at a time, with no cast changes, enables her to approximate the ideal of festival conditions. That gives her performances a snap and cohesion rarely matched at, say, the Met, which does a different opera every night with shifting casts. Says Gilbert Helmsley, Caldwell's lighting designer and all-round production factotum: "She knows she makes good theater. She knows she makes good opera. I will never forget her sitting in her dressing room in 1974 and inhaling the applause for her *Barber of Seville*. Deep down inside, you know, she knows, that when 2,000 people are making that kind of noise after a production, you've done it."

How she does it can often be as much of a show as what the audience finally sees. Take the time she gave Beverly Sills the bird. In *Barber*, Sills portrayed the young and lovely Rosina, who is being kept a vir-

tual prisoner by her guardian, Dr. Bartolo. Caldwell first had the notion that Rosina's room should be a bird cage, complete with swing. Then to underline the metaphor, Caldwell decided that Rosina should carry a small song bird in a miniature cage. And so, one afternoon Sills found herself in a shop on New York's Madison Avenue looking at rare music boxes.

"I found a bird but it cost \$185," remembers Sills. "At that price, I decided to call Sarah. Sarah said, 'Could you bring the bird close to the telephone?' So I brought it close and gave it a wind. Then she said to me, 'Now sing.' I said, 'Are you some kind of lunatic? I'm in a store full of people on Madison Avenue.' " What Sarah wanted was a bird that sang a cadenza Sills could imitate. And so Beverly chirped into the phone. The mechanical bird was bought and on opening night almost stole the show.

Searching out historical and musical details to give her productions authenticity, Caldwell is constantly on the road. Next spring she will present *Montezuma* by the American composer Roger Sessions. It is a spectacle of formidable musical and technical dimensions that Caldwell has wanted to stage for years. In 1971, just to get the feel of the thing, she went to Mexico and retraced the victory trail of the Spanish conqueror Hernando Cortez. Last week she was back again, studying the pyramids in Teotihuacan.

Caldwell relaxes on these junkets, joking, shopping, making friends. But once back home and inside the theater, says former Production Assistant Seamus Curran, "Sarah goes through people like water." Especially stage managers. "She eats them," says Lighting Designer Helmsley. The stage manager must follow schedules meticulously and see that everyone else does too. It is not an easy task when the boss disregards any regimen. Caldwell may rehearse her singers from morning to midnight, then keep a crew on until 4 or 5 a.m. for lighting rehearsals. During the latter, says Helmsley, "she invariably goes to sleep. So you wake her up to get a decision. She goes back to sleep. You wake her up. She goes back to sleep."

On occasion Caldwell will tell the last man out of the theater to lock her in, then gave for hours at the stage (and boxes which she regularly uses as an extension of the stage), trying to figure out a way to ad just that small rectangle to her large vision. She has been known to doze off—one time lying in a heap of curtains in an aisle—and be ready to go the next morning. That some people attribute her round-the-



SARAH AT AGE FOUR, IN MARYVILLE, MO.

MUSIC

clock hours to her lack of organization is something she resents emphatically. "We don't have a theater of our own," she says. "When we rent one we only have it for twelve days before a production. We have to bring in everything to make the place an opera house, and there is so much to be done that it is necessary to work in the theater 24 hours a day." So necessary, in fact, that her associates are regularly dispatched to bring her everything from hamburgers and Cokes to pantyhose. "Everyone around her has made at least one pantyhose run," says one amused staffer.

Caldwell is never more alive than when rehearsing. That, of course, is when she accomplishes most of her actual work. As the lights dim, she will chortle. "Ho ho ho, magic time," and begin to study the stage through those Thespian prisms that pass for eyes. One of her greatest but least appreciated strengths is her sense of proportion, or scale. In *The Trojans* Sarah made the horse as big as she could on her small stage, but was still not satisfied with the effect. Who finally emerged from the horse? Midgents and children costumed as soldiers. Sarah gets around surprisingly well for a 300-pounder. Often she resembles a great mother whale with a school of pilot fish circling her. "Yup, nope, yup, yup," she mumbles to a series of rapid-fire questions. When noisemakers get out of hand, she shouts: "Will you quell the rebellion backstage!"

If Caldwell is hard on everybody, she is harder on herself. The final rehearsal for Verdi's *Don Carlos* in 1973 lasted nine hours. The orchestra call was only for five, and on the dot the players got up and walked out. A pianist picked up where they had left off, and Caldwell went on conducting, barely missing a beat, giving cues right and left to the absent musicians. When the pianist dropped out after two hours, another took over.

Caldwell can shriek at the chorus, growl at the stagehands, spit fire at a careless secondary singer, but usually will serve sweet honey to her soloists. She solicits their advice and often takes it. During rehearsals for *Barber*, Bass-Baritone Donald Gramm said that it might be fun if the glass in his hand broke as Sills hit a high C in the lesson scene. Caldwell loved the idea and put it in. "As both conductor and director, I am very much aware that it is those people up there doing it onstage," she says. "I can help them put the mosaic together, but unless they have participated and made some choices, it is nothing."

There is never, however, any improvising with the music



BEVERLY SILLS & SARAH GOING OVER AN OPERATIC SCORE
"Bring the bird to the telephone."

She coaches and rehearses her singers until, she says, "they learn the music so well that it sails out of them." And the authentic version too. "It is important to start by going back to the original manuscript because so much in opera happened before the age of photography, when music copying began to be a more exact science." That kind of reverence for the printed notes does not keep Caldwell from having a little fun now and then. In the party scene from her 1972 *Traviata*, the champagne corks were popped in time to the music. Her 1973 *Daughter of the Regiment* found Sills onstage slicing potatoes on the beat as she made chicken Marengo. That left the howling audience unprepared for the delivery of the next ingredient—the brandy—by a St. Bernard dog.

"I think that when she's on the podium and the performance is going on, that is a happy moment," says Sills. "But I don't think she is a totally happy woman. All the exhibitionistic things she does, conducting, staging, running her own opera company, would make her seem a total extravert. But I think by nature she's a very shy lady." Sarah's friends are all people connected with her musical endeavors. Says Helmsley: "I respect her singlemindedness, but it's a very lonely road."

Almost from the start, Caldwell was bright, determined and, if not alone, then frequently on her own. "I try not to be a stage mother," says her mother Margaret, "but she was very gifted, with a great fondness for music and great reading and mathematical abilities at an early age." Sarah's parents were divorced when she was an infant; until she was remarried twelve years later, the mother was frequently away continuing her own graduate studies in music. Sarah stayed with relatives, who saw to it that mementos from her mother were on hand. "Because my mother was gone, I was raised with pictures of her and stories of how bright and smart she was. Her report cards seemed inhumanly good."

At five Sarah was a good enough fiddler to play chamber music with adults. By six she was giving concerts as far away as Chicago. When her mother married Henry Alexander, a political scientist at the University of Arkansas, Sarah was pleased. "He kept a dictionary on the dinner table," Caldwell recalls. "He told me I could study all the music I wanted, but that he hoped I would choose to study something different in college."

She obliged by enrolling as a psychology major at the University of Arkansas. But within a year and a half, she moved on to Hendrix College in Arkansas to study with a violin teacher named David Robertson. A year and a half after that, she won a scholarship at the New England Conservatory of Music to study with Richard Burgin, who was also the concertmaster of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. If Burgin's blunt recollection these days is any indication, Sarah got a shock. Says Burgin: "She wasn't particularly talented on violin, and I suggested she study some other line of music."

Sarah was soon studying viola with Boston Symphony Violist Georges Flourel, who apparently had a higher opinion of her talent. In 1946 she won a scholarship to play viola in the student orchestra at Tanglewood, the summer home of the Boston Symphony. "It was a place where gods strode the earth," says Caldwell quite seriously. Her particular idol was Conductor Serge Koussevitsky, who urged the students to apply themselves "200%" to their own work but made it clear that they should not miss any of his concerts. Sarah wore T-shirts, heavy shoes that clunked, straight hair to the nape of the neck, and, as she recalls, "had more fun at Tanglewood than anywhere else."

It was there in 1947 that Sarah staged "my lucky piece," Vaughan Williams' *Riders to the Sea*, a one-act opera based on J.M. Synge's melancholy play. "Koussevitsky came back-

ON THE JOB: CALDWELL CATNAPS WHILE ASSISTANT CARRIES ON



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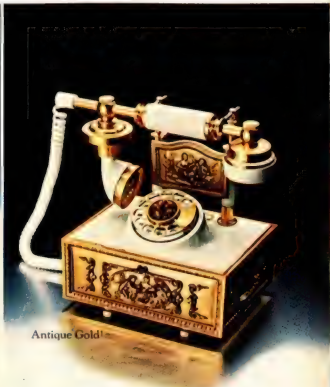
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stage, and that was very nice, and the next summer I was invited to join the faculty," she says. A major influence on Caldwell during that period was Boris Goldovsky, who headed the opera department at the New England Conservatory and, in the U.S. at least, was a solitary champion of the concept of opera as theater. Sarah served as Goldovsky's assistant, even writing scripts for his intermission programs during the Met radio broadcasts.

Caldwell was too strong a personality to stay on. In 1952 she was hired as head of the Boston University opera workshop and

over the next eight years developed a full-fledged opera department within the school. When she left in 1960 after her opera company had been established, not all her colleagues were heartbroken. Then as now, she involved her staff in everything—including driving her to Chinatown for post-rehearsal suppers. One of her former students recalls that Caldwell was already traveling a lot and often did not get back in time for classes, "so she got in the habit of taping her lectures on the road and mailing them back."

The momentum of Caldwell's career has paralleled the up-

A Matter of Art, Not Sex

Nearly 50 years ago, Virginia Woolf compared the situation of a woman composer to that of an actress in Shakespeare's day—hopeless. Among the popular theories offered to explain the mysterious absence of eminent women composers was the biological: men compose symphonies, women compose babies. Sociologists point out that little girls are mostly encouraged to confine their talents to parlor piano playing. Though women have always been accepted as soloists, only in recent years have many conservatories trained women as composers. "Think of the thousands and thousands of men who have studied composing," says Pianist-Conductor Boris Goldovsky, "to produce only about three dozen masters. Statistically, women may simply have to catch up before they have their Beethoven." There are signs they soon may be getting their chance. In June Manhattan's Juilliard School for the first time awarded a doctorate in composition to a woman. Bicentennial money and International Women's Year have resulted in more commissions for female composers. While still small in numbers, more women conductors are emerging. A few of today's growing corps of women who have successful careers in music:

THEA MUSGRAVE, 47, has written chamber music, ballet and opera. "Music is a human art, not a sexual one," she says. "Sex is no more important than eye color." When Britain's Musgrave talks about "space music," she is not referring to synthetic sci-fi sounds but to compositions in which the players are directed to move about the concert hall. Her *Clarinet Concerto*, in which the soloist threads a path through the orchestra, will be heard at Caldwell's Philharmonic program celebrating women composers. Musgrave is now writing a music drama about Mary Queen of Scots.

SHALAMIT RAN, 27, grew up in Israel, began composing works in her head at seven. When she was nine, her teacher wrote down one of her songs, which was played on the radio. Delighted at hearing her own music, she started writ-

ing it out herself and at 14 produced her first symphonic work. The New York Philharmonic performed her *Capriccio for Piano and Orchestra* and the Israel Philharmonic premiered her piano concerto. Although many women composers feel that developing their talent leaves no room for domesticity, Ran is married—to a jazz musician. It annoys Ran that on divulging her own profession, people sometimes say, "Oh really? How cute."

BARBARA KOLB, 36, composer in residence at the American Academy in Rome, will return to New York next month for the premiere of *Soundings*, a richly textured romantic piece that blends overlapping layers of sounds. That same evening the work will also be performed in Rome by the Rome Radio Orchestra. Kolb, who grew up in Connecticut, spent six years in the clarinet section of the Hartford Symphony. It has never occurred to her that composing might be considered an exclusively male occupation. If anything, says Kolb, "composing a piece of music is very feminine. It is sensitive, emotional, contemplative. By comparison, doing housework is positively masculine."

ANTONIA BRICO, 73, explains, "I felt I'd never forgive myself if I didn't try." Forty years ago, Brico seemed to be on the brink of a brilliant career. In 1930 she became the first woman to conduct the Berlin Philharmonic. Albert Schweitzer taught her

Bach; Otto Klemperer, Bruno Walter and Jean Sibelius gave her their blessings. Then it all unraveled. Metropolitan Opera Baritone John Charles Thomas balked at being led by a woman. Opportunities to play her instrument, the orchestra, were rare. Settling in Denver, she conducted a group of semi-professionals and gave piano lessons. Last year *Antonia*, a film about her made by a former piano pu-

pil—Folk Singer Judy Collins—started Brico on a second career. At 72, she was suddenly in demand. Last summer she conducted at Lincoln Center's Mostly Mozart Festival, and is now booked through 1976. Her ambition: to conduct Wagner at the Met.

JUDITH SOMOGI, 34, conducted a performance of Gilbert & Sullivan's *The Mikado* in March 1974 and became the first woman on the podium of the New York City Opera. Then she warmed up her baton on a dramatically authoritative *La Traviata* and a breezy production of Donizetti's *The Daughter of the Regiment*. Somogi joined City Opera as a coach and rehearsal pianist in 1966. Do orchestras react differently when the *maestro* is a woman? "When I wore my low-cut dress, there was some notice," admits Somogi. "Well, Zubin Mehta is a very good-looking man, and you can bet the women in his orchestra notice it."

POZZI ESCOT, 42, was born in Peru—at 23, she was named Laureate Composer of Peru—and studied at Juilliard. *Sands*, her exotic orchestral fantasy, which will be performed at next week's New York Philharmonic concert, was commissioned in 1966 by the Venezuelan government in honor of that country's 450th birthday. "In our schools we teach Bach, Beethoven and Brahms but nothing that has been composed in the past 70 years," complains

Escot, an assistant professor of music at Wheaton College, Mass. She is appalled at the small number of great American composers of either sex. "Roger Sessions and Elliott Carter to me are gods," she says. "But who else is there in that generation?" Escot believes that in the generation reaching maturity now, there are as many good women composers as there are men.



JUDITH SOMOGI



BARBARA KOLB



THEA MUSGRAVE



POZZI ESCOT

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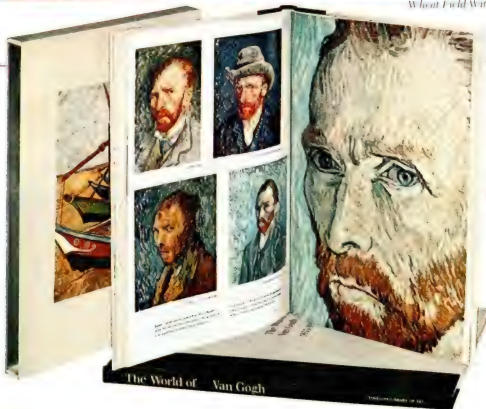


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surge of what used to be referred to as regional opera. Today it seems more accurate simply to call it American opera, because the scene is so vital and diverse. In the U.S. it was not the Met that first performed the *Ring* cycle within a week as Wagner intended, but the Seattle Opera (TIME, Aug. 4). Who gave the American stage premiere of Handel's memorable Baroque opera *Rinaldo*? The Houston Grand Opera (TIME, Nov. 3). Dvorak's wondrously melodic *Rusalka* will be introduced to the U.S. next month not in New York but in San Diego.

In recent years Caldwell has successfully staged Hans Werner Henze's *The Young Lord* and Strauss's *Ariadne auf Naxos* for the New York City Opera. In the summer of 1974 she conducted and restaged her *War and Peace* at Wolf Trap outside Washington, D.C.

Caldwell's opera credentials are plainly in order. As to her symphonic conducting, the prospects look good, but it is still too early for a final verdict. She rarely repeats any of the selections on her orchestral programs ("I'm not one to take the money and run by playing the same works all over the country"). She performs almost all the music for the first time and has never before worked with most of the orchestras she conducts. It takes an orchestra a while to get used to any new piece of music and any conductor. By making her New York Philharmonic debut next week with a woman's program new to both the orchestra and herself, Caldwell is almost asking for trouble.

Boston orchestra musicians admire her, but many agree that her real genius is directing. Because of her weight, says one musician, "she has to sit down, so you really can't see her." Another takes a more show business view of the situation: "Let's face it, she's box office. Sarah is the Luis Tiant of opera." Sarah

ah, who likes the roar of the crowd as much as any athlete and loves baseball, might just take that as a compliment.

Being box office, as she now is, Sarah can afford a somewhat more comfortable life-style. For the past five years she has shared a home with her widowed mother, who is now 73. Last spring they gave up their cluttered apartment in Boston's Back Bay and moved to a six-room house in suburban Weston. Sarah has an office containing shelves of records, tapes and books and a butcher-board worktable. The closets full of dresses bearing such labels as Thea Porter of London indicate that Caldwell is more concerned about her looks than seems apparent. Her mother's meals are brought to her from a restaurant, often by a member of Caldwell's staff.

Sarah invariably makes far more commitments in a day than she can ever hope to keep; an aide is regularly on the phone canceling or postponing something. Mindful of all that, Houston Opera Director David Gockley cracks: "Sarah is an administrator only in the sense that no one else can administer her."

The board chairman of the Opera Company of Boston knows Caldwell as well as anyone. He is U.S. Senator Edward Brooke, who calls Sarah "A dreamer, a genius, a most exciting woman," in that order. At the moment, the dreamer has two things on her mind. One is to conduct *Louise* at the Paris Opera. The other is a new opera house—which is going to be exactly as she wants it or not at all. No recycled movie palaces, thank you. Caldwell wants a structure that will contain a small (800 seats) Baroque theater, a more traditional auditorium (2,000 seats) for 19th-century opera and a larger (2,500 to 3,000 seats) hall for film, TV and experimental opera. All she needs is \$40 million. That may take a while. It will surely take a lot of brown paper bags. But nobody is betting against Sarah.

MILESTONES

Divorced. Wispy British Actress Sarah Miles (*Ryan's Daughter*), 31, and Playwright-Screenwriter Robert Bolt (*A Man for All Seasons*), 51; after eight years of marriage and one son; in London.

Died. John J. Rooney, 71, once one of the ruling powers in Congress as chairman of the House Appropriations Subcommittee for the State, Commerce and Justice Departments and the Judiciary; after surgery at Georgetown University Hospital; in Washington, D.C. The blunt-speaking, tightfisted Brooklynite, who served in the House of Representatives from 1944 until his retirement last year, was famous for his sardonic attacks on State Department expense accounts, which he dubbed "booze allowances for cookie pushers."

Died. Georges Carpentier, 81, lightweight-heavyweight boxing champion from 1920 to 1922, who lost on a fourth-round knockout to Heavyweight Jack Dempsey in 1921's "Battle of the Century" in Jersey City, boxing's first million-dollar gate; of a heart attack; in Paris.

Died. Reuben H. Fleet, 88, aviation pioneer who in 1918 ran the Army's first aerial service between New York and Washington, and in 1923 founded the forerunner of Consolidated-Vultee Aircraft Corp., which built B-24 bombers used during World War II; of injuries from a fall; in San Diego.

Died. Rex Todhunter Stout, 88, premier American whodunit writer, whose corruptible orchidologist-detective, Nero Wolfe, with the help of his faithful legman Archie Goodwin, solved crimes in 46 books that were translated into 22 languages and sold more than 45 million copies; at his home in Danbury, Conn. As sinewy and energetic as his protagonist was fat and lethargic, Stout would work out the story line for such mystery novels as *The Doorbell Rang* and *Too Many Cooks* while puttering about his daily cooking or gardening chores, then sit down and type out a complete mystery in 38 days of writing. Stout's agoraphobic master sleuth, who made his first appearance in *Fer-de-Lance* (1934), was an intuitive armchair detective in the manner of Sherlock Holmes. Wolfen devotees have contended that their hero's infinite array of adroit solutions stemmed from his creator's multifaceted life. A youthful mathematical prodigy, Stout was a prolific freelancer, an ardent champion of political causes and a jack-of-most-trades who at various times trained jumping pigs and sold cigars. Nero Wolfe's last case, *A Family Affair* (TIME, Nov. 3), was published only weeks before Stout's death.

SARAH & HER MOTHER MARGARET IN THEIR NEW HOUSE IN WESTON, MASS.



A New Idea on Busing

University of Chicago Sociologist James S. Coleman has become celebrated over the past decade for studies that first supported and then opposed the use of busing to integrate schools. Last week he emerged with a proposal somewhere in between.

In 1966 Coleman issued a pioneering report demonstrating that children from the slums do better work when they attend middle-class schools. But his follow-up report earlier this year argued that compulsory busing has driven so many white urban families to the suburbs or to private schools that it is making city public schools more segregated than ever. In a Manhattan speech last week marking the 75th anniversary of the College Entrance Examination Board, Coleman offered his solution: let any student transfer to any school he chooses within an urban-suburban metropolitan area—provided only that the new school has fewer students of his own race than his old school.

Marvelous Case. Under Coleman's plan, a transferring student's old school system would contribute to the new one for his education. The state would pay for needed transportation. Coleman admits that his proposal would leave inner-city schools largely all-black, but it would help to integrate the suburbs. Says he: "Boston is a marvelous case for this. People in the suburbs are telling people in the central city to integrate while they sit out there protected by school-district lines."

An open-enrollment scheme would need state or federal legislation requiring school districts to accept pupils from the outside. But Coleman thinks the idea would be politically attractive. "Something that would work would be highly supported," he says. "Almost nobody likes busing, but nobody wants to go back to a situation in which there are no means for providing racial integration either."

The next day Coleman was the first witness before the Senate Judiciary Committee, where the foes of busing are pressing for a constitutional amendment to forbid it. Coleman opposes an amendment as unrealistic, and indeed its chances are slim. Said he: "If a democratic Government can't resolve issues of this nature without resorting to the Constitution, then we are in a bad way."

Kentucky Governor Julian Carroll then came before the committee to endorse the amendment. Carroll, who is running for re-election, said that the court-ordered busing between Louisville and its suburbs has "failed miserably, [is] damaging educational quality, contributing to white flight, disrupting community and family life."

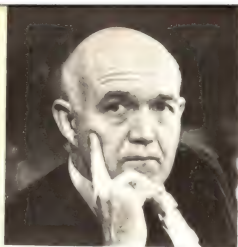
In Louisville itself there is still die-

hard opposition to busing, including demonstrations by white parents and a rally by the Ku Klux Klan. A caravan of demonstrators also was bused to Washington last week to stage a march on Capitol Hill. The greatest problem however, is simply the logistics of moving about 20,000 black and white pupils over considerable distances each day. Some pupils are picked up as early as 6 a.m. Many old buses are breaking down, drivers are forced to make double runs. Last week some of Louisville's hastily recruited 295 bus drivers were providing problems of their own. One went berserk, driving a bus into Indiana before returning and hitting a parked car in downtown Louisville. Another was arrested on charges of public intoxication after he got into a shouting match with students on his bus.

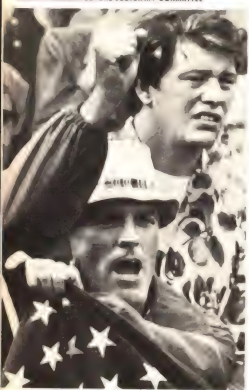
In Massachusetts, meanwhile 10,000 demonstrators marched down the streets of South Boston last week to celebrate "National Boycott Day." Most of the 162 Boston schools involved in the desegregation program are calm, but the two racial trouble spots—South Boston High and Charlestown High—are still in turmoil. Students in both schools have fights almost daily, and many are suspended, readmitted, then resuspended. In early October, 92 black students boycotted classes at Southie to protest "widespread discrimination." They issued a list of demands calling for more black police, a black administrator, a black nurse's aide and "sensitivity training" for Southie's white teachers. The school subsequently got a black assistant football coach, several black hallway monitors and a black nurse's aide.

White Demands. Not to be outdone, Southie's white students then presented Headmaster William Reid with their list of demands—asking him to fly the American flag in each classroom, to start a policy of pledging allegiance to the flag in classrooms every morning, and to end review work, which they attribute to the presence of blacks.

As the day-to-day tensions continue, both black and white students have been meeting with parents and community leaders to fight for control of Southie. Says James Kelly, president of the South Boston Home and School Association, who has been working with white students: "If the black community can't take over South Boston High School, they'd rather see it close down." Replies Percy Wilson, head of the Roxbury Multi-Service Center, who has been working with black students: "If that school can't work in the best interests of black children as well as the others, then it should be closed down." Many students, however, take a pragmatic view. Says Belinda Shivers, a black senior at Southie: "We're there to get an education and get out as soon as possible."



JAMES COLEMAN BEFORE JUDICIARY COMMITTEE



DEMONSTRATORS AT WASHINGTON RALLY



STUDENT BEING ARRESTED IN SOUTH BOSTON

Don't sell yourself short,
move up to today's cigarette.



Longer...
yet milder

Pall Mall Gold 100's
lower in 'tar'
than the best-selling short (70mm) cigarette.

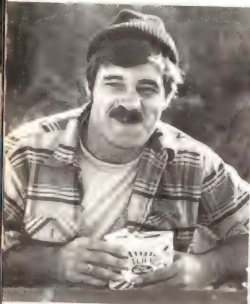
PALL MALL GOLD 100's
Best-selling regular size (100mm)
Of all brands, lowest
20 mg. "tar," 1.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report April 80

"tar" 20 mg. nicotine 1.4 mg.
"tar" 25 mg. nicotine 1.6 mg.
"tar" 2 mg. nicotine 0.2 mg.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.



CSONKA PLOWING AHEAD FOR MEMPHIS GRIZZLIES BEFORE COLLAPSE OF W.F.L.



CHAWING TOBACCO AT HIS OHIO FARM

Csonked-Out

Jamming a chaw of Beech-Nut tobacco into his cheek, Larry Csonka jumped into a blue Chevrolet pickup truck and, with his older brother Joe at the wheel, bounced down a deeply rutted, brown dirt road to get a close look at 80 acres of Ohio potato and corn fields up for rent. "It's real good land," Joe said as they surveyed the rolling countryside in the fresh fall air. "It's got good drainage and you can see the good crop growing here." Larry nodded. "We can use the land," he said. "Let's take it." Before climbing back into the truck, he knelt down and poked at the loamy soil, picking up a 3-to-4-lb. potato that had been missed by the pickers.

Digging into eastern Ohio dirt was not exactly what professional football's best fullback expected to be doing this fall. He was set for his first season with the Memphis Grizzlies of the World Football League, a team he joined along with two of his ex-Miami Dolphin teammates, Running Back Jim Kiick and

Wide Receiver Paul Warfield. The bait that lured the 6-ft. 3-in., 240-lb. Csonka from the established National Football League and his \$60,000 contract: a \$500,000 cash bonus and \$325,000 a year for three years in bank-guaranteed salary. His job was just as big: to help give the new league star-studded credibility.

Cinderella Industry. Instead of leading the wobbly W.F.L. to prosperity, though, Larry Csonka had watched the starveling league die midway through its second season. Along with more than 350 other players, he had become a victim of the '70s retrenchment in sport. After a roaring decade of unprecedented growth, professional sport in some ways looks like a Cinderella industry heading toward midnight. Of the 23 teams in the American Basketball Association and World Hockey Association, only one is in the black. "There's no question about it," says Attorney Bob Woolf, who has negotiated hundreds of contracts. "The pendulum is swinging back. We're in a period of contraction."

So last week Larry Csonka, 28, was back at his 400-acre farm retreat in Lisbon, Ohio, preparing to settle in with his wife and two sons for his first fall in 17 years without football. "When my kids register for school here," he told TIME's Jay Rosenstein, "their father's occupation will be listed either as 'unemployed' or 'who knows?'"

Unlike most of the other W.F.L. players sidelined by the league's sudden death, Csonka at first had hopes that he might actually profit from it. Encouraged by his agent Ed Keating, Csonka thought for two days that he would be available for open bidding by N.F.L. teams. "I believe lightning has struck twice," said Keating as he arrived in Memphis the day the W.F.L. folded. "Larry is free to negotiate a deal with the Dolphins or another N.F.L. club and still draw his guaranteed salary from

Chinese Flash-Card Supremacy

If visitors from China ever show up at an American college football game, one sight won't require an explanation—the half-time flash-card show. Reason, those sweeping murals created in the stands by massed thousands of people holding up brightly colored cards are also a feature of sports events in China. The one big difference there is that instead of producing innocent U.C.L.A.s and expanding Stanford S's, the Chinese concoct giant propaganda posters (*see color*) and execute them on a scale—and with a precision—that is awesome.

That was evident in Peking recently at the Third National Games, a 17-day internal Chinese Olympics. The

huge grab bag of a gala involved more than 10,000 athletes vying in dozens of events including track, rowing, shooting, martial arts and chess. During the opening ceremonies at the 80,000-seat Workers' Stadium, the Chinese practiced their flash-card magic: more than 8,000 people were pressed into service to flash poster-size cards. The result of this collective enterprise: "Ode to the Red Flag," a kaleidoscope of socialist realism scenes, beginning with the message

热烈欢呼第三届
全国运动会胜利召开

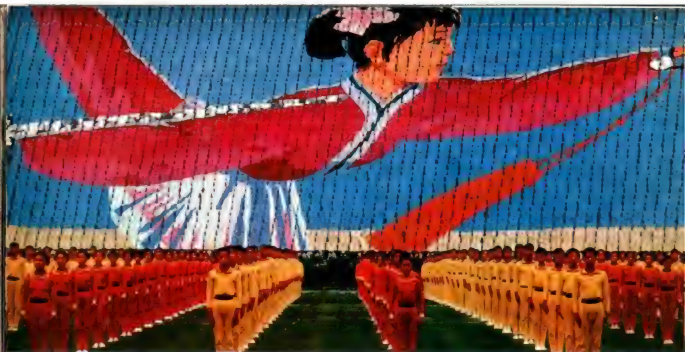
Translation: Hail the Victorious Opening of the Third National Games.

From there on out, the propaganda intensified, as the card-carrying faithful created an oversize portrait of Chairman Mao, a blockbuster mural of Chinese industrial development and pictorial tributes to China's performing arts, medical services (including a flash-card diagram showing acupuncture of an ear) and table tennis, the nation's No. 1 sport. After the mass-performance art, the games could have seemed anticlimactic. But since China is making a concerted bid to participate in next summer's Olympics in Montreal, the National Games became unofficial Olympic trials. At least three world marks for pistol shooting were set. Not to mention standards for flash-card displays.

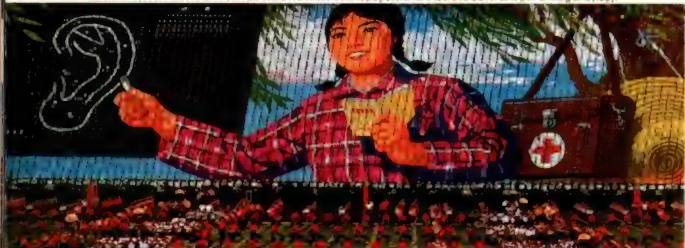


Clockwise from top, fresh reds create mood of industry; Chairman Mao; workers parade with red flags.

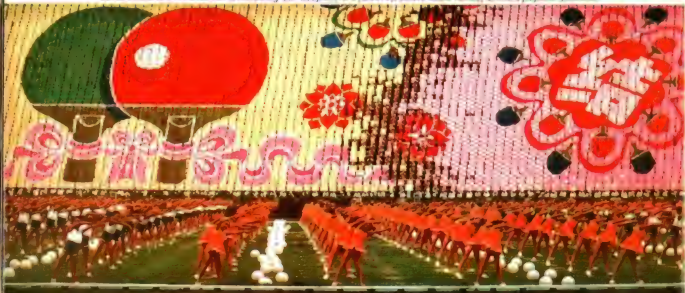




More than 8,000 flash cards at Chinese Third National Games pay pictorial tribute to ballet and performing arts (top).



Cards celebrate medical care, including ear acupuncture (above), salute table tennis, China's popular pastime.



SPORT

Memphis." No way, announced Grizzlies Owner John Bassett. "Csonka is with me as long as I pay him."

Before starting talks with N.F.L. clubs, Csonka decided to lug his stuff home. He hooked a U-Haul trailer to his silver Cadillac Seville and crammed in his quadraphonic stereo system, clothes, and 700 lbs. of weights. With Keating aboard for talk, he drove the 746 miles from Memphis to Lisbon (pop. 4,000) in 15 grueling hours, stopping only for gas and a quick breakfast of orange juice, doughnuts and weak coffee. They arrived exhausted, but Keating immediately began telephoning N.F.L. teams from the farm. Within hours, the two headed for New York City to talk business with Andy Robustelli of the New York Giants and Joe Thomas of the Baltimore Colts, and to appear on television shows at ABC and CBS. "Larry's hot right now," Keating crowed.

By the time they reached Cleveland-Hopkins International Airport on their way east, Csonka was a good deal cooler. He and Keating learned that N.F.L. Commissioner Pete Rozelle had ruled against any W.F.L. player's joining the N.F.L. this season. His reason: Bassett had threatened an antitrust suit against the N.F.L. if the league tried to sign his men. Csonka the realist shrugged his massive shoulders. "Let's face it," he said. "We had a power play going. Now I have to start thinking about next year."

Restraining Order. That thinking began early the next morning in Manhattan, when Keating dialed Dolphin Coach Don Shula at his home in Miami and asked, "Do we talk about next year?" Cautious, Shula told him to wait for the legal issues to be settled. "It's pretty sad," sighed Keating. "They've taken the wind out of our sails." Said a weary Csonka bluntly: "It must be nice to be in a position to make the laws. Let's go ahead and take a double tax write-off on our tractors." With all meetings canceled, Csonka and Keating appeared on TV and returned to Ohio.

Csonka must now wait for the situation to clear. Last week, a federal judge issued a temporary restraining order allowing nine W.F.L. players to negotiate with N.F.L. clubs about playing this year. The judge will hear arguments this week about extending the order to other W.F.L. players. However he rules, Csonka's future hinges on Bassett's efforts to gain an N.F.L. franchise for his Memphis club, which has 30 players under contract. If he succeeds, Csonka can look ahead to playing with the Grizzlies next year. If Bassett fails, Csonka will have to buy his release before he can play football elsewhere. Meanwhile, the tractor calls. Corn has to be harvested and a score of purebred Black Angus cattle need attention. As for those 80 good acres of rentable farm land, Csonka's football experience came in handy. He instructed his lawyer to draw up a five-year contract with a yearly option to renew.



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When Things Are Rotten

"It is either a viewers' revolt or Nielsen has screwed up his figures," says one network executive. "I've been in this business since 1948," adds a New York rep for a number of major-market stations. "and I can't remember a crumtier season than this one."

These are not aesthetic judgments. What is bugging the broadcasters is a drop of 4%—perhaps more—in the number of sets in use. Just as alarming is a fall-off in network ratings among viewers who are still bothering to tune in something or other. To date, helped by its nighttime World Series coverage, NBC has the best prime-time rating. But it is only a 19.3, which just a year ago would have been second in the standings. Indeed, NBC is winning while losing, with its rating down 5% compared

Some insiders insist that the 39-49 crowd—still demon consumers—have joined the Geritol set. And that they are all responding to a decline in quality. According to this argument, the networks have tied themselves too tightly to a small group of producers who have provided hits in the past but whose shows inevitably have a certain sameness about them. Universal is responsible for 8½ prime-time hours (out of 22) on NBC alone this year. Some of the good independents like Norman Lear and Mary Tyler Moore are also overextended—and overimitated. This gives viewers a narrow range of choices: cop and doc shows, ethnic sitcoms, nice-girl sitcoms. It has become harder to tell good from bad in this small spectrum. Still, the suspicion lingers that TV's real—if possibly temporary—trouble springs from precisely the opposite condition.

ily-hour nuisance most wisely. Its ratings have actually risen marginally, probably because its new shows are supported, sometimes fore and aft, with old favorites. The network also realized that 9 o'clock, when you rise to shoo the kids out of the living room, is the logical time to switch channels if you are ever going to. At that point ABC stands ready to present what the ratings indicate most Americans want—a quick fix of violence (five nights a week if you count N.F.L. football) or an old movie (on Friday and Sunday). ABC is also managing its other troubles more coolly than its competitors. It has no sudden mercy killings on its record yet. When it does make its replacements at midseason, it will widen viewer choices by offering variety shows, not exactly a TV novelty but a breed now not much remembered.

Hopeful Blip. One would like to entertain idealistic dreams about the sudden consumer resistance to business as usual in television. Occasionally, indeed, a hopeful blip appears on the screen. Last week a worthy special, *The Incredible Machine*, running on PBS, whopped its commercial competitors in some major markets, gaining a record-breaking 36% audience share in New York. It was, ironically, part of a documentary series that has been booting off all three commercial networks for lack of audience appeal. *Jennie*, a PBS import about Winston Churchill's mother, has done better in some significant urban areas than a lot of network Gorgonzola. If we ever had a stable, well-managed and well-financed public broadcasting system in the U.S., one capable of building a coherent, dependable schedule, the commercial broadcasters' status might be permanently affected.

As it is, NBC and CBS insist that more people are actually watching. It is just that they are clustered around fewer sets. That sounds like whistling in the dark, though it tends to prove the supposition that it is older folks, whose kids have left home, who are the principal deserters. Be that as it may, the networks are expected to try to buy back this audience—and ratings leadership—with late-season specials and hit theatrical movies. CBS throws *That's Entertainment!*, surefire nostalgia fare, into the *Beacon Hill* breach on Nov. 18. Memento, the permanently disaffected will be found over at the independent channels, gnarled fingers twiddling the dial in hopes of glimpsing Matt Dillon, Chief Ironsides and the rest of that old gang of theirs. On the whole it is a slightly better deal than being placed on an ice floe when your usefulness as a consumer has diminished.

Richard Schickel



"Know something? It's got so I wouldn't know a good show if I saw one."

with the same period last year. CBS, for 20 years the ratings leader, is in even worse shape, suffering a 12% loss (and the ignominy of twice running behind the usually lowly competitor ABC).

Thin and Thin. Where have all the people gone? Can it be that for once they believed the critics, who, upon previewing the new season, unanimously declared it unfit for human consumption? Is there a silent protest? Possibly. But there is not and never has been any such thing as a really good television season, and though this may be the absolute worst, that has to be a distinction so fine as to require deliberation by a board of moral philosophers. No one has yet determined how many bad ideas can dance on the pinhead of a network programming executive; the outside limit may not have been reached.

Besides, some experts suspect the defections from network programming are confined to a not much coveted demographic group—viewers 50 and older

Familiarity may have bred some contempt, but novelty of another sort has probably proved much more upsetting. In this more cynical opinion, Americans in their role as viewers are not very adventurous. They dote on old pals—Marcus, Archie, Dear Little Mary. They have gone through a lot with them and are loyal through thin and thin. They even resent seeing their good buddies shoved out of old time slots. This year the ludicrous family viewing hour forced unprecedented tinkering with new shows and much rescheduling. CBS and NBC compounded this upset with lineups filled with new programs that turned out to be heavy losers. *Beacon Hill* has already been leveled on Tuesday, and *Switch!* and *Joe and Sons* seem destined to go. The story is the same on Thursday at NBC. *The Montefuscos* and *Fay* were dispatched with unseemly haste; *Ellery Queen* and *Medical Story* will probably follow.

ABC, it now seems, handled the fam-

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In fact, Bob and Betty are the people to listen to when you don't want all music or just plain talk.

And the great thing is it's not difficult to keep up with the Sanderses. All you need is a radio with the dial at 78 between 10 in the morning and 2 in the afternoon from Monday through Friday.

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Dance of Words

TRAVESTIES

by TOM STOPPARD

This is a tinderbox of a play blazing with wit, paradox, parody and, yes, ideas. It is exhilaratingly, diabolically clever. The bloodline of Wilde and Shaw is not extinct while Tom Stoppard lives.

The playwright's fancy was taken by the fact that three revolutionaries of vastly differing temperaments and persuasions lived contiguously in Zurich during World War I. They were Tristan Tzara, Rumanian poet and founder of Dadaism, James Joyce and Lenin. There is no evidence that they ever met each other, but in *Travesties*, they do. Stoppard was further intrigued by a suit filed against Joyce by one Henry Carr for the price of a pair of trousers. A minor British consular official, Carr had purchased the trousers to play Algernon Moncreiff in *The Importance of Being Earnest* for a Joyce-managed troupe called the English Players.

Exile, to some degree, is Stoppard's abiding theme. *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead* is exile through ignorance. The two mini-heroes do not understand Hamlet or Elsinore. *Jumpers* is exile from God. No one can clearly divine his purposes or verify his existence. *Travesties* is exile by intent, a rebellion against social traditions and aesthetic norms. *Travesties*, a play-within-a-monologue, begins with the age-frazzled Carr (John Wood) reminiscing intimately about the famed Zurich trio in a way that illustrates a perennial travesty: the ravages of time on memory. What follows is part vaudeville, part nonstop debate and part instant replay of Wilde's play with absurdist variations.

Joyce (James Booth) appears wearing a jacket with shamrocks on it, spouts limerick after limerick and intermittently becomes Lady Bracknell. Tzara (Tim Curry) comes on with a pair of scissors, slices up a Shakespeare sonnet, dumps the lines into a top hat, and extrapolates them as gibberish to show that anti-art reigns supreme. In the Wildean substructure of *Travesties*, Tzara doubles as John Worthing (Earnest in town-Jack in the country). Carr once again plays his friend Algy. Lenin (Harry Towb) has no role in *Earnest*. Isolated aloof, he delivers a stinging diatribe on the duties of an artist in a workers' state, but later tearfully melts at the playing of Beethoven's *Appassionata*.



JOHN WOOD AS OLD RELICT AND YOUNG DANDY IN "TRAVESTIES"

Exiled by ignorance, exiled from God, exiled by intent.

Stop-motion devices, relished by Stoppard, telescope, bisect or reverse the flow of time. The sound of a cuckoo clock, which Stoppard treats as the Swiss national anthem, periodically suspends the action, and the same opening lines of dialogue lead into an entirely different episode. One scene has Joyce arguing that no one would have been remotely aware of the Trojan War had it not been for Homer, a dozen other artists, and his own upcoming *Ulysses*. Scarcely a word is uttered without a play on it. A few of the puns are punishing, but most of the word play is daffily delicious, as for instance, "My art belongs to Dada."

In an evening that is a dance of delight, and thanks to Director Peter Wood an astute lesson in the choreography of thought, there is only one segment that falters with a portentous sobriety. At the beginning of Act II, Lenin's long monologue with its didactic fervor disrupts the tone of what has preceded it and makes it a bit difficult to get back into the party-going mood of the rest of the play.

In a vital way, the evening belongs to an actor who can do the impossible. John Wood's performance is heroic. The torrent of words flows from his lips with impeccable delivery and phrasing, and he accents speech with stylishly funny bits of body English. He shifts between his two roles, and two ages of man, with breathtaking ease. Huddled in his bathrobe, he is a chain-smoking old codger wistfully scouring the lens-

es of his fogged-over memory. As the drawing-room dandy, Carr-Algy, he is icily imperturbable as he explains to his butler that the Russian Revolution has begun because the Russian upper classes have lost patience with their scoundrelly, insubordinate, rapacious servants and turned on them. It may well take some time before we see another performance of such demanding tempo and such superbly controlled authority.

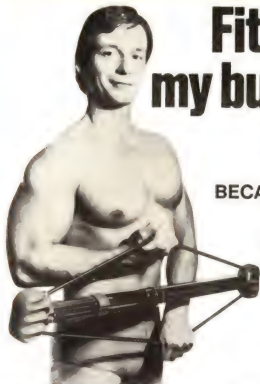
The rest of the cast is shadowed but valiant. James Booth's Joyce lacks some of the incisive arrogance that the character ought to possess, while Tim Curry's Tzara is larkily iconoclastic without quite being a cultural arsonist. In the unstable role of Lenin, Harry Towb shuttles between evangelism and browbeating. Beth Morris as Cecily, the girl who eventually marries Carr-Algy, must be nominated the minx-charmer of the cast.

But the foxiest character is Tom Stoppard, who has one character say: "It may be nonsense, but at least it's clever nonsense." Amen, and God bless. **T.E. Kalem**

"Somewhere after Olivier, Richardson and Gielgud, classical acting sank into the sands," says John Wood. "There was a generation gap. I'm trying to pick up the reins." But who is John Wood? He only joined the Royal Shakespeare Company in 1971, and he has spent much of his professional life in television. At 45, he is a sport among English actors. Quizzical blue eyes look out from the face of a classics don; he could not, even if he tried, roar with animal magnetism. His spirit is gentle and idealistic. His idol was the late Louis Jouvet, an actor of ineffable urbanity. From Jerry Lewis, with whom he worked in films, he learned that "there is only one response—laughter—to the most cruel, horrific thing you can imagine."

Wood and Tom Stoppard work together like the Flying Wallendas, swoops and dives perfectly matched. *Travesties* was written for John. "He has enough experience in his face to cover the old man, plus he is physically and mentally young enough to suggest youth and agility," explains Stoppard. Wood was not so sanguine. He is a perfectionist. Although *Travesties* has been in the RSC repertory for more than a year, Wood will concede only parts of it are "all right."

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THE THEATER

God is in the details. There is not a line, a move, a prop or a costume that Wood has not examined carefully nor, for that matter, a fellow actor. He confesses: "I'm forever haunting dressing rooms and saying 'what about...?' " He never stops working on Henry Carr. "It's like having ten fingers and 30 strands of silk and being told to make a sock." Unwinding after a performance is torture. Says Stoppard: "There are nights when I go backstage after what I think is a good performance, only to find John swearing and weeping and insisting that everything had gone wrong."

Wood never actually decided to become an actor and expose himself to such anguish. The son of a middle-class family from the Midlands, he studied law at Oxford before chucking it to try directing. He became an actor "to find out what they did." His first role in an undergraduate production was *Richard III*; his acting was described by Harold Hobson of the London *Sunday Times* as "a frightening, powerful performance."

Cuckolded Dentist. Wood frightened his colleagues too. First the Old Vic, then the Royal Court wanted little part of him. He found them, in turn, unbearably clubby. He decided to go into television. "I played the classics," he says. "I thought it was the way to build a reputation, but the audience got tired of me." By 1967 Wood was tired too. "I thought I'd never find a playwright whose work I liked." Then he was sent *Teeth*, a television comedy by an unknown named Tom Stoppard. Wood played a cuckolded dentist who turned his rival's teeth green. Shortly afterward, Wood starred on Broadway in Stoppard's first stage hit, *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead*. The Establishment again beckoned; the RSC had asked Wood four times before he agreed to join them. To his relief, "they accepted me completely." The RSC is now home. He can do what he wants: an iconoclastic Brutus in 1972, then the suave, icy Sherlock Holmes last year. The company even helped him buy a house. Now he has moved his wife Sylvia and their three children to the mellow-stoned Cotswolds town of Chipping Camden, where walking down the street is "like listening to Mozart—organic, inevitable but totally unexpected."

Wood is not relaxing, however. His life seems fragile. As a teen-ager, he spent 15 months in hospital after a car crash that left him with one leg shorter than the other; drafted into the army, he was accidentally shot in the back. In 1969 he had a major cancer operation "I have apprehended death. It releases vitality." Now he is pacing himself like a champion aiming for a final thrust at supremacy. "I hate being called 'in fashion.' I've earned my success," he says. "I've been 22 years in this business, 18 of them by the generosity of my bank manager, without whom I'd have been a bank manager."

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ROOSTER COGBURN

Directed by STUART MILLAR

Screenplay by MARTIN JULIEN

The announcement last year that John Wayne and Katharine Hepburn were to be teamed in a movie for the first time in their long careers was the sort of thing that fills fans with an unsettling mixture of hope and dread. The hope arose out of the possibilities inherent in permitting these feisty senior citizens to have at one another on the screen. The dread derived from knowledge that they would be doing a mere sequel (to *True Grit*) and that producers have a habit of resting on their packages, not bothering to turn them into movies that would interest us on their own merits. *Rooster Cogburn* is not as bad as it might have been. It is just not as good as it quite easily could have been. Hepburn is doing her doughty spinster turn, than which there is none finer, and Wayne is doing his crotchety old reprobate number, than which ditto. They meet after an outlaw gang he is pursuing pauses long enough on its way to a gold robbery to murder her father, a missionary to an Indian village. Nothing



JOHN WAYNE & KATHARINE HEPBURN ON THE TRAIL IN *ROOSTER COGBURN*
Getting into a bath and easing up on the corn likker.

will do, of course, but that she must join forces with Rooster in order to help avenge her father's death. The pair quarrel along a meandering trail. She tries to reform him or at least get him to take a bath and ease up on the corn likker. He grouches about the talky ways into which her moral fervor leads her. In the end, needless to say, mutual respect bordering on romantic attachment develops between them.

The film's central, bickersome relationship is satisfyingly close to what one expects of Wayne and Hepburn. The tremulous self-awareness that has

marred some of her recent performances is entirely absent here, and she is the tough-minded, high-spirited Kate of blessed memory. And the Duke, too, is his old self—the slackness engendered by a succession of dismal late films banished. In short, they are good for each other and fun to watch.

This is a considerable triumph, for the script gives them precious little to work with. The plot line is but minimally suspenseful and the dialogue generally banal. Director Millar has a nice feel for his handsome Oregon locations but none at all for staging action. His

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CINEMA

tendency is to back away from it and to minimize it so that even a climactic ride down a white-water river on a raft loaded with nitroglycerin turns out to be dull.

Still there they are, in what may be a once-in-a-lifetime pairing. If no one appears much interested in helping them to be their very best, it can be said that no one gets in their way either. That should be reason enough for older viewers to take a flyer on *Rooster*. And reason enough to take the kids along, if you were planning a trip to Mount Rushmore.

Richard Schickel

Symbiosis

ABDUCTION

Directed by JOSEPH ZITO

Screenplay by KENTE CARROLL

In the beginning was an obscure soft-core paperback original to which no one paid special heed. Then came the Patty Hearst kidnaping, and someone noticed that cheap fiction seemed to predict this sensational crime in detail, even including the plot twist that had the victim eventually embrace the captors' ideology. Parallels continue to turn up: recent reports indicate that Hearst surrendered to revolutionary sexuality even before succumbing to revolutionary politics—just as *Abduction's* heroine did.

The conjunction of a sleazy "property" and the most curious and enigmatic criminal case of recent years had to excite some schlockmeister, and so we have El Cheapo Production's version of the book to contend with. The picture.

JUDITH MARIE BERGAN IN *ABDUCTION*



featuring Judith-Marie Bergan, started out aiming for the coveted X rating, essential to success in the pornfields, then raised its sights. Its more graphically depicted sexual grappleings went into the trim barrel, an R rating was obtained, and it is no longer necessary to sneak off to some cinematic red-light district to see the film.

But hard-core sex was obviously the hard core of the film's structure. Cut the crud and all you have left is a lot of tedious—not to say infantile—intellectual foreplay. *Abduction* cannot be taken seriously enough to laugh at, and natural curiosity about links with the Hearst case should be sternly stifled. **R. S.**

Odd Couple

A BOY AND HIS DOG

Directed and Written by

I. Q. JONES

World War III has happened again, and as usual, the earth has been nuked to dusty desert ruled by violent brigand bands.

The boy and the dog of the ironic title—though R-rated, the film is definitely not a co-feature for *Benjie*—owe allegiance to no one. Vic, the boy (Don Johnson), is strong and a good shot. It is true that he is a little short on smarts, but Blood, his shaggy pal, more than compensates for that. Though he is able to talk only to his master, his brain is as shrewd as his nose.

In its early going, this inexpensive little picture risks being absurd, yet compels respect for some witty writing and well-paced direction. The film gets better as it goes along, for it literally has a second level.

Underneath the earth's blasted crust, another group is trying to survive. Or, more properly, these people are re-making the small-town life-style that American writers since Sinclair Lewis have been excoriating. Prudish and bigoted, they have everything their smug little hearts could desire—except the power to reproduce themselves (probably because they lack fresh air and real sunshine). They must send sirens up to lure studs down, and that is where the boy—despite his dog's warning—goes wrong, precipitating one of the year's better chase adventures. **R. S.**

Basket Case

DOWN THE ANCIENT STAIRS

Directed by MAURO BOLOGNINI

Screenplay by RAFFAELE ANDREASSI

MARIO AROSIO, TULLIO PINELLI and

BERNARDINO ZAPPONÀ

Madness on the inside, madness on the outside. In a mental hospital in Tuscany, Dr. Bonaccorsini (Marcello Mastroianni) takes the insanity that rages all around him pretty much in his elegant stride. At times he takes advantage of it too. Pathology has a liberat-

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MASTROIANNI & FABIAN IN STAIRS
Isolating the schizo germ.

ing effect on his libido. He flirts with patients and sleeps with three of the women he sees in the course of work: Donna Francesca (Lucia Bose), the wife of the hospital director; Bianca (Marthe Keller), a nurse; and Carla (Barbara Bouchet), who is married to a member of Bonaccorsini's staff. Other, lesser men may thirst for a glimpse of the world outside, but the asylum is sufficient for the doctor, who spends his time between rounds and beddings in the laboratory trying to isolate "the germ of schizophrenia." It is clear he has been inside the walls too long.

Greater Madness. It takes his new assistant, Dr. Anna Bersani (Françoise Fabian), just a little while to realize this. Dr. Bersani is a Freudian, and Bonaccorsini denounces her for her "new ideas." Shortly thereafter, he makes a pass, which is firmly rejected. The doctor goes back to his microscope and believes he has discovered the deadly schizo germ. His future seems assured until Dr. Bersani looks at his slides and tells him the germ is just a drop of faulty solvent. This precipitates a crisis. Bonaccorsini finally wonders if he is going mad.

Down the Ancient Stairs could have used more crises. The movie tips its hand instantly. Time (1930) and place (a madhouse in Italy) add up to two inevitable points: there is no escaping insanity, and Fascism outside the walls is a greater madness than anything the asylum contains. After *The Conformist*, after R.D. Laing, the idea is grindingly obvious except, of course, to Director Mauro Bolognini. The notion treats neither Fascism nor insanity quite seriously enough and so makes them somehow less threatening. The actors, adrift, are proficient, especially Françoise Fabian, who is beautiful and intelligent as usual. She could not have been committed to this movie voluntarily.

Jay Cocks

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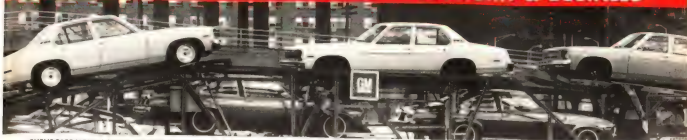
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Detroit Revs Up Its Sales Engine

After two years of slumping sales, plunging profits, massive layoffs and a drastic scaling down of the size of its products to meet demands for greater economy, the U.S. auto industry is showing strong signs of recovery. In mid-October, traditionally a flat car-buying period, sales for the Big Four were up 37% over the same period a year ago. American Motors, its Pacer "wide bodied" small car a runaway bestseller, led the way with a 53.5% increase. General Motors followed, with its new subcompact Chevette off to a fast start, with a jump of 43%. Chrysler's sales soared 33% and Ford's 28%.

Last week there was still another indication of Detroit's returning health, as two makers reported sharply increased profits for the third quarter. General Motors' net was \$243 million, a dramatic increase over the \$16 million figure of last year, when auto sales were skidding toward their lowest point in a dozen years. Ford's earnings were \$56 million, an increase of \$9 million.

Turned Corner. Though the sales figures represented only the second consecutive good ten-day reporting period, they signaled to auto executives that Detroit was rebounding along with the U.S. economy. "Our business turned the corner with the introduction of the 1976 models," declared Ford President Lee Iacocca. Chevrolet General Manager Robert Lund noted that early October truck sales were also significantly higher: 34% above the 1974 figure. "Trucks are always a weather vane for business," he said. "People buy them to make money with them."

Booyed by the upward turn, G.M. Chairman Thomas A. Murphy foresees industrywide sales of 12.7 million cars and trucks during the 1976 model year, an increase of 21% over last year, despite average price increases on 1976 models that range from \$178 to \$268. In the rising market, prospects look good even for troubled Chrysler Corp., which last week reported a staggering \$79 million loss for the third quarter. John Ric-

cardo, Chrysler's chairman, predicts that the company will run in the black in the fourth quarter, paced by sales of its Cordoba, a mid-size Chrysler introduced last year, and its new Plymouth Volare and Dodge Aspen compact models.

Despite the upturn, no one in Detroit believes that the nation's largest industry is really back in high gear. November production schedules are conservative, amounting to the lowest in 16 years.

Better Shape. Ford plans a modest 3,000-car increase in November over October but intends to put on-line workers on overtime instead of recalling laid-off employees to man the assembly lines. That strategy does not sit well with union leaders. Despite Detroit's improving fortunes, the auto industry's work force has shrunk by 100,000 people in two years; 70,000 are still on indefinite layoff.

Yet everyone agrees that the industry is in far better shape than it was just ten months ago, when car inventories were high enough to supply buyers for 110 days at the prevailing sales rate (a 53-day inventory now) and to frighten the industry into a rebate plan to stimulate business. Just how long the upward pace will continue depends on the strength of the recovery, which so far appears to be maintaining most of its momentum. The Government's index of leading indicators—which portends economic trends—was off nine-tenths of a per cent in September, its first drop in seven months. But analysts did not see the slight drop as an omen of a turnback toward recession. The stock market was rattled by President Ford's decision not to aid financially pressed New York City; the Dow Jones industrial index slumped to 836.04, down 4.48 for the week. At week's end First National City Bank lowered its prime rate from

CHEVETTE
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Built not to last.

40
EPA Hwy mpg

28
EPA City mpg

33
EPA Average mpg

Very hip in look.

2899
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Best shape your budget's been in years!

your Chevy dealer

NEWSPAPER AD FOR CHEVROLET'S CHEVETTE



FORD'S PINTO PONY MPG ON DISPLAY IN A MASSACHUSETTS SHOWROOM

ECONOMY & BUSINESS

7½% to 7¾%, the lowest since August 7. Citibank's cut signified that cheaper money would soon be available to fuel the recovery in autos and in other industries.

FRAUDS

Justice at Rio Rancho

In a commercial aired on New York City radio stations, a bank uses a skit to encourage listeners to put their money in savings accounts. In the sketch, a wife berates her husband as they stand in the midst of a barren desert. "You honestly believed you could resell this land at a profit?" she groans. "There's only one person in the world who'd buy it, and you already have." In fact, thousands of others have bought such desolate plots. According to an indictment handed down by a federal grand jury last week, 77,000 such "semi-arid desert lots" have been sold—sight unseen.

The indictment charges AMREP Corp. of New York City with 70 counts of mail fraud and ten counts of violating the Interstate Land Sales Full Disclosure Act. Since 1961, it charges, AMREP (an amalgamation of the American Realty and Petroleum Corp. with the Great Sweet Grass Oils Co.) has managed to sell desert plots to about 45,000 people for a total of more than \$200 million. AMREP's initial investment for the parched land was about \$17.8 million. To hype the value of the property, the indictment charges, the company added some showcase improvements in a development called Rio Rancho, which is in fact only a small

part of AMREP's 96,000-acre Rio Rancho subdivision. Most of the outlying lots—with no water, sewers or electricity and little chance of ever getting any—are too far away to benefit from the construction of the core community.

How did AMREP unload the real estate? A key tactic was to get crowds of potential buyers together for free drinks and dinner at hotel ballrooms and restaurants. There, a smooth-talking speaker would mount the podium to describe various Rio Rancho plots. As he spoke, salesmen at the tables would jump up, shouting "Hold!" as if they had just sold the lot he was talking about. Their enthusiasm would be contagious, and since the land contracts were right there on the tables, guests would impulsively sign on the dotted line. In so doing, they committed themselves to purchases ranging from a few thousand dollars to a high of \$11,000 for arid half-acre homesites that had cost AMREP about \$90. The buyers were usually middle- and lower-class working people; a plot at Rio Rancho was their dream. Its value would double, triple, quadruple, they were assured, but they were not allowed to take sales material away from a dinner party until they had signed a contract.

AMREP promotions recited an enticing litany: Albuquerque was expanding in the direction of Rio Rancho; land values in surrounding Sandoval County were rising at an astonishing pace; there was a hyperactive market for resale; AMREP was letting the land go at such low prices because of its "low mark-up, high-volume policy"; all the lots were part of a "master-planned community"; and utilities were available to anyone


who wanted to build. The indictment charges that each of these claims was criminally misleading.

Actually, Albuquerque's multiple-listing realty service discouraged Rio Rancho landowners from listing their property because there was practically no local demand for it. What is more, AMREP had been told by a consulting firm that Albuquerque was not likely to expand in the direction of Rio Rancho for the foreseeable future.

P.R. Blitz. In detailing the charges, the Justice Department named seven AMREP officers and directors, including Chairman Irving Blum, 73, President Howard Friedman, 50, his brother Daniel, 40, and Chester Carity, 50, an AMREP executive vice president. In response, the indicted firm has launched a p.r. blitz protesting its innocence. AMREP officials complain that the charges are "immoral and unjust." They insist that they have spent more than \$34 million improving the land.

Some homeowners in the central community have no complaints and even boast about their community. AMREP points out that if a buyer of one of the outlying plots wants to move into town, he can trade for a site in the core community—usually half the size of his original plot. The company also notes that Rio Rancho owners have always had the option to back out within six months of purchase. The catch: a purchaser could buy a Rio Rancho lot while outside of New Mexico, but had to travel to the subdivision to sell his property; the trip and other selling costs would usually amount to more than what most disgruntled purchasers had already paid for the land.

COMPANY PROMOTION SUPERIMPOSED ON VIEW OF PART OF AMREP SUBDIVISION NEAR ALBUQUERQUE, NEW MEXICO



Why 5,480 people left New York, New Jersey, Ohio, Illinois & 36 other states & are now living the good life in sunny New Mexico at Rio Rancho.

SEE HOW MUCH MONEY A PHILCO COLD GUARD REFRIGERATOR CAN SAVE YOU ON ELECTRICITY

For example, over the average life of a refrigerator (15 years) you can save up to

| | | | |
|--|------------------|--|------------------|
| \$1343.16 in New York, N.Y. | @ \$.091 per KWH | \$ 560.88 in Jackson, Miss | @ \$.038 per KWH |
| \$ 915.12 in Boston, Mass | @ \$.062 per KWH | \$ 560.88 in Los Angeles, Calif | @ \$.038 per KWH |
| \$ 811.80 in Pasadena, Calif | @ \$.055 per KWH | \$ 546.12 in Albany, N.Y | @ \$.037 per KWH |
| \$ 797.04 in Newark, N.J | @ \$.054 per KWH | \$ 546.12 in Miami, Fla | @ \$.037 per KWH |
| \$ 782.28 in Atlantic City, N.J | @ \$.053 per KWH | \$ 531.36 in Denver, Colo | @ \$.036 per KWH |
| \$ 782.28 in Philadelphia, Pa | @ \$.053 per KWH | \$ 531.36 in Fargo, N.D | @ \$.036 per KWH |
| \$ 767.52 in York, Pa | @ \$.052 per KWH | \$ 516.60 in St. Louis, Mo | @ \$.035 per KWH |
| \$ 752.76 in New Haven, Conn | @ \$.051 per KWH | \$ 516.60 in Greenville, S.C | @ \$.035 per KWH |
| \$ 693.72 in Pittsburgh, Pa | @ \$.047 per KWH | \$ 516.60 in Little Rock, Ark | @ \$.035 per KWH |
| \$ 693.72 in Richmond, Va | @ \$.047 per KWH | \$ 501.84 in Allentown, Pa | @ \$.034 per KWH |
| \$ 664.20 in Baltimore, Md | @ \$.045 per KWH | \$ 501.84 in Milwaukee, Wis | @ \$.034 per KWH |
| \$ 649.44 in Chicago, Ill | @ \$.044 per KWH | \$ 501.84 in Scranton, Pa | @ \$.034 per KWH |
| \$ 649.44 in Cleveland, Ohio | @ \$.044 per KWH | \$ 487.08 in Atlanta, Ga | @ \$.033 per KWH |
| \$ 634.68 in Washington, D.C | @ \$.043 per KWH | \$ 487.08 in San Francisco, Calif | @ \$.033 per KWH |
| \$ 619.92 in Detroit, Mich | @ \$.042 per KWH | \$ 472.32 in Dallas, Texas | @ \$.032 per KWH |
| \$ 619.92 in Phoenix, Ariz | @ \$.042 per KWH | \$ 457.56 in Bismarck, N.D | @ \$.031 per KWH |
| \$ 605.16 in Kansas City, Mo | @ \$.041 per KWH | \$ 442.80 in Fresno, Calif | @ \$.030 per KWH |
| \$ 590.40 in Akron, Ohio | @ \$.040 per KWH | \$ 428.04 in Baton Rouge, La | @ \$.029 per KWH |

(In high or low humidity areas, actual savings may be more or less.)

It sounds too good to be true, but it is true. Every Philco Cold Guard Refrigerator uses less electricity than comparable models from any manufacturer listed in the Sept. 1975 AHAM Directory, with their electric anti-condensation heaters on at least 50%



of the time. So you'll save money. That's because only Philco refrigerators were actually re-engineered to give you all three of these important energy saving features: double cavity Uni-Wall Liner with no seams or joints (patented process), precision placement of insulation, completely non-electric anti-

condensation system.

Actual savings may vary depending upon climatic conditions, individual usage and electric rate changes. Savings shown are based on estimated residential electricity rates and consumption.

For a free booklet that will let you figure out just how much you can save in your area write: Aeronutronic Ford Corporation, MS 84, Blue Bell, Pa. 19422



Philco Cold Guard Refrigerators are designed to save you money on electricity. They feature a double cavity Uni-Wall Liner with no seams or joints (patented process), precision placement of insulation, completely non-electric anti-condensation system. Philco Cold Guard Refrigerators are designed to save you money on electricity. They feature a double cavity Uni-Wall Liner with no seams or joints (patented process), precision placement of insulation, completely non-electric anti-condensation system. Philco Cold Guard Refrigerators are designed to save you money on electricity. They feature a double cavity Uni-Wall Liner with no seams or joints (patented process), precision placement of insulation, completely non-electric anti-condensation system.



THE REFRIGERATOR THAT HELPS PAY FOR ITSELF

AVIATION

The Widow-Maker

When the U.S.-designed F-104 Starfighter was adopted by the West German air force in 1961, the sophisticated warplane seemed to be the ideal craft for that country's air defense system. It was a technological marvel with a maximum speed of 1,450 m.p.h. and a reputation as the hottest fighter in America's arsenal. In West Germany, however, the Starfighter has won no encomiums; the aircraft has instead become known as the "widow-maker." In the 15 years that the Luftwaffe has been flying the F-104s, 178 have crashed, claiming the lives of 85 pilots.

Many theories have been offered to explain the accidents. The Starfighter had been designed by Lockheed Aircraft as a high-altitude, fair-weather interceptor. But the Luftwaffe modified it, converting some models into all-weather fighter-bombers and others into reconnaissance planes. The changes added weight to the aircraft, presumably making them even more tricky to handle. According to one veteran U.S. Starfighter pilot, controlling the unmodified models was difficult enough. "To fly it properly you must have fingers like a concert pianist," he says. Other observers felt that West German support crews lacked the technical expertise to cope with the sophisticated craft.

No Common Defect. Most of the pilots' widows thought the problem was more fundamental, and 50 of them brought suit in 1971 against Lockheed, claiming that the planes had been improperly designed. Their counsel, flamboyant San Francisco Attorney Melvin Belli, had difficulty proving their case, however. "There wasn't a common defect to all the planes as we had thought," said a Belli associate last week. Nevertheless, it appeared that a few of the widows might win their cases, and Lockheed insurers agreed to settle out of court. The reparations totaled a modest \$1.2 million, about half of the original cost of one of the ill-fated Starfighters.



STRIKING WORKERS & THEIR FAMILIES AT THE GATE OF TROY POST'S TRES VIDAS

ENTREPRENEURS

Paradise Lost

For years a handful of communal farmers were the only inhabitants of the 120-acre area of thicket and coconut groves 20 miles south of Mexico's swank Acapulco resort on the Pacific. Then in 1968, Dallas multimillionaire Troy V. (for Victor) Post, newly enriched by the sale of his Greatamerica Corp. to Ling-Temco-Vought for \$500 million, brought his genius and fortune to bear on the wasteland. Before long he had transformed it into an earthly paradise, a resort complete with a luxury hotel and detached villas, two of the world's best golf courses, an Olympic-size swimming pool, a discotheque and a restaurant that served Mexico's finest French food, prepared by Emmanuel de Camp, once a chef at Maxim's. Post seemed close to achieving his ultimate vision: an ultra-exclusive preserve where the powerful and wealthy could retreat to cavort and contemplate.

Today the resort that Post named Tres Vidas en la Playa (translation: "three lives on the beach") is slowly reverting to the thicket it once was. On once velvety golf links, cattle nibble at the patches of imported English grass that have survived months of neglect. Rows of expensive golf carts sit rusting in the salt spray from the nearby Pacific. The Olympic and villa pools, long stagnant, are covered with algae-green slime. Outside the compound's wrought-iron gates, striking waiters, maids and maintenance

men—who have been picketing since July under a red and black strike flag of Mexican unions—are encamped with their dogs, turkeys and barefoot children, barring entrance to all. Though they are owed four months of back pay, they contend that they are really there to protect their flag.

What happened? Quite simply, Tres Vidas was so exclusive that almost no one showed up. Post's original notion, an opulent, members-only resort, captured the imagination of the international set. The rich, the royal and the celebrated attended the extravagant grand opening in 1969. "No country club in the world is so deliberately elite, so tastefully plush," bubbled *Town & Country* magazine in its February 1971 issue. But the initial fee of \$8,000 and annual dues of \$360 dampened the ardor of many prospective applicants; only 700 signed up. Nonetheless, Post would not abandon his ideal of exclusivity. In 1970, even non-member Lyndon Johnson was forced to wait at the gate until he was cleared to play golf.

Glitter v. Quiet. Though Post poured some \$30 million of his personal fortune into Tres Vidas and borrowed millions more, the resort continued to sink deeper into the red. In 1971 Braniff International Corp. took over managerial control from the man who was once its chairman and began doing away with his members-only notion. "Tres Vidas," announced Braniff, "is a private-membership country club. Guests are currently being accepted on a get-acquainted basis..." With visions of the hoi polloi overrunning their dream resort, remaining members began to shy away, hastening the downfall of Tres Vidas. By 1974 Braniff had converted Post's dream into an open resort, and was making an all-out bid for middle-

WRECKAGE OF A WEST GERMAN STARFIGHTER (1965)
"Fingers like a concert pianist."

Hiram Walker Creme de Cacao and Creme de Menthe.

Candy it.

PEPPERMINT PARFAIT

Soften 6 oz. vanilla ice cream.
Blend in 2 oz. Hiram Walker
Creme de Menthe Green. Fold in
1 cup heavy cream, whipped.
Serve in sherbet glass. Garnish
with peppermint stick.

Brandy it.

BRANDY ALEXANDER

Combine 1 oz.
Hiram Walker Creme
de Cacao Brown,
1 oz. Hiram Walker's
California Brandy
and 1 oz. cream in
cocktail shaker.
Shake well with
cracked ice; strain
into brandy snifter.
Dust with chocolate.



Hiram Walker Cordials

Make the most of our 30 flavors.

Send for our free illustrated Recipe Booklet, with more than 100 mouth-watering food and drink ideas. Write: Hiram Walker Cordials, P.O. Box 14100, Detroit, Michigan 48214. Creme de Menthe, 60 Proof. Creme de Cacao, 54 Proof. Hiram Walker's California Brandy, 80 Proof. Hiram Walker & Sons, Inc., Peoria, Ill.

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C'mon

**Come for
the filter.**



**You'll stay for
the taste.**



16 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Apr. '76.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

**Good taste. Micronite filter.
C'mon. You're in for a nice surprise.**

class tourists. But they too stayed away, preferring the Las Vegas glitter of Aca-pulco to the solitude, the skeet shooting and the English grass 20 miles distant.

Rescue is coming, however, from an unexpected source. The Mexican government plans to assume control of the resort and its \$8.9 million debt, opening the gate to anyone who can afford entrance. Government officials are confident that the "Mexicanized" enterprise will pay its way, and have promised to split the profits—51% for the ministry of tourism and 49% for the man whose initials are still on the gate: Troy V. Post.

End Game for Slater?

Of all the audacious entrepreneurs who built conglomerate empires from scratch in the 1960s, James Derrick Slater endured the longest. Americans like James Ling (Ling-Temco-Vought), Bernie Cornfeld (Investors Overseas Services) and John King (King Resources) saw their corporate houses of cards collapse around them, but England's merger lord and his mammoth Slater, Walker Securities Ltd. seemed to grow more prosperous every year. Now Slater, 46, has also had his comeuppance. His company's role in alleged fiscal improprieties is under investigation in Hong Kong and Singapore; he has resigned as chairman of Slater, Walker and gone into seclusion. Last week the Bank of England and several powerful merchant banks moved in to prevent collapse of Slater, Walker and the further weakening of an already shaky British financial establishment.

Slater's immediate troubles stem from some complex, free-wheeling transactions in the Far East. Authorities in Singapore and Hong Kong are investigating the operations of Spydar, a company that was set up three years ago in Hong Kong and is apparently related to Slater, Walker. According to the *Sunday Times* of London, Spydar acquired low-priced shares of two companies pur-

chased by a Slater subsidiary in Singapore. After the acquisitions were announced and their stock soared in a bullish Hong Kong market, Spydar sold their bargain-bought shares for a handsome profit. Local investigators are trying to determine if securities laws were broken and by whom.

Even before the inquiry brought about Slater's resignation, it was clear that he and his conglomerate were in trouble. Profits were down: from a 1972 total of \$25 million, Slater, Walker's income dwindled to \$2.3 million for the first half of 1975. At the same time the company's stock, which had reached an all-time high of \$6.70 a share in 1971, dipped to 72¢ a share. That left Slater without enough capital to finance the acquisitions that had made his business so successful in the first place. The recession also hit some subsidiaries hard, and Slater was forced to sell off assets to keep the rest of his operation afloat. That task now falls to an old associate and friend, Financier Jimmy Goldsmith, who was named to replace Slater.

For years Slater had known only success. Trained as an accountant, he got his first break when he answered a newspaper ad placed by a Danish businessman whose English companies were struggling. Slater straightened them out and moved on, eventually becoming the right-hand man of Lord Stokes, then head of Leyland Motors. There Slater developed a keen eye for companies whose assets were worth more than the value of their issued stock.

Asset Stripping. With a personal stake of \$120,000—accumulated by playing the stock market—and some borrowed capital, he bought his first such company in 1964. He quickly sold its principal asset (an office building) for a profit—a practice known as asset stripping—and used the money to finance his next acquisition. By 1968 the Slater, Walker pyramid had grown to 500 firms and Slater's personal fortune had risen to an estimated \$10 million. He bought a lavish manor in Surrey and spent long weekends there indulging his passion for chess. In 1972 he provided \$125,000 of his own cash as a prize for the world chess championship, luring a reluctant Bobby Fischer into his celebrated match with Boris Spassky.

The next year Slater masterminded a potential merger between Slater, Walker and Hill Samuel, an old-line London banking firm with ties round the globe. The merged companies would have become one of the most powerful financial forces in the world, but Hill Samuel backed off at the last minute. Shortly thereafter, Slater began the downhill slide that ended with his resignation last month.

There may well be no winning moves left in Chess Player Slater's repertory. His personal fortune has dwindled, and he has retired to his home in Surrey, contemplating an end game that could result in financial checkmate.



SYNTHESIZER LODGE

THEORY

Ideological Schism

Competition is preferable to collusion, even if collusion (or "cooperation") might be the best way to counter the cartel formed by foreign oil producers. That seems to be the philosophy of trustbusters who are waging war against the nation's big oil companies.

The trouble is, says Harvard Business School Professor George C. Lodge, that the trustbusters are being guided by the "old American ideology." In his new book, *The New American Ideology* (Knopf, \$12.50), Lodge declared passé the old 17th and 18th century business and political values of competition, property rights, limited government and rugged individualism—philosophical products mainly of John Locke and Adam Smith. What is emerging, he believes, is a new set of ideas that business executives and Government planners may not routinely articulate but that nevertheless are already partly in place. Some tenets of Lodge's "new ideology":

► Fulfillment in belonging to a community—"communitarianism"—is replacing the old individualism. "There are few who can get their kicks a la John Wayne, although many may try." In corporations, communitarianism has taken the form of consensus between management and labor as the source of authority, supplanting the old system under which management alone ruled.

► Property rights are waning in value. "A curious thing has happened to private property—it has stopped being very important." Americans "may get a certain psychological satisfaction out of owning a jewel or a car, a TV or a house, but does it really make any difference if [they] rent them?" More important are rights to survival, enjoyment of income and good health.

MERGER LORD SLATER



Lips too sore for a stick?

Blistex soothes. It's real medicine that goes on gently, yet works effectively. Used early and regularly, it aids in preventing unsightly cold sores and fever blisters. Helps nature heal sore or dry, chapped lips. Soothing, cooling Blistex.



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When people relate to each other, a responsive camera can help you relate to them.

You're comfortable with a Minolta SR-T from the moment you pick it up. This is the 35mm reflex camera that lets you concentrate on the picture, because the viewfinder shows all the information for correct exposure and focusing. You never have to look away from your subject, so you're ready to catch that once-in-a-lifetime photo.

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More camera for your money.

ECONOMY & BUSINESS

► Competition, which once determined how and to what degree resources would be used, is being eroded by community need. It was to this notion that ITT appealed in 1971 when it successfully prevented the Justice Department from forcing it to divest itself of Hartford Fire Insurance Co. "The company lawyers said, in effect, 'Don't visit that old idea of competition on us. The public interest requires ITT to be big and strong at home so it can withstand the blows of Allende in Chile, Castro in Cuba and the Japanese in general.'"

► The Federal Government, far from being limited, is bigger than ever and will get even bigger as it takes on unprecedented tasks of planning. "But it will need to become far more efficient and authoritative if it is to prove capable of making the difficult and subtle trade-offs which now confront us—between environmental purity and energy supply, for example."

► The old notion that the whole will somehow take care of itself if the parts are looked after is no longer valid. Instead, there is a growing acceptance of "holism," a new consciousness of the interrelation of all things. "Spaceship earth, the limits of growth, the fragility of our life-supporting biosphere have all dramatized the ecological and philosophical truth that everything is related to everything else."

Lodge, the 48-year-old son of Henry Cabot Lodge (the former U.S. Senator, ambassador and vice-presidential candidate), concedes that much of what he writes in *The New American Ideology* has been said by others. What is original is that he sees those familiar and increasingly accepted notions as an ideology every bit as forceful as the revered one it is replacing.

Traditional free enterprisers are bound to disagree with Lodge's ideas, arguing that accepting them would only further big Government and more intervention, creating a "neo-socialist" system in which "public interest" would justify even more Government interference. Yet to Lodge, that smacks of hypocrisy. Business and political leaders have fallen short, he argues, by singing hymns to the old ideology while practicing parts of the new. This has resulted in an "ideological schizophrenia" that blocks solutions to such critical problems as the inequitable distribution of wealth and undermines the legitimacy of corporations. His solution: bring business and Government into a more harmonious relationship by federally chartering the 2,000 largest companies, then franchising them to fill community needs. Under this scheme, for example, Con Edison would work with Government to plan power needs. Ultimately, such community requirements would determine the controls on the corporations. Ironically, suggests Lodge, the outcome could be less intervention by Government than there is now in the affairs of U.S. business.

Love brings hope to Little Slamet.

It rains almost every day during the rainy season in Indonesia. And every rainy schoolday, Slamet puts on his raincoat and his grandmother opens her umbrella. Together they take the 15-minute walk to Slamet's school.

Slamet is blind. And his family is very poor. They could not afford the special education and training their young son needs.

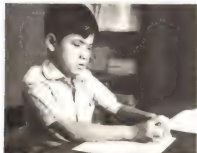
But Slamet is fortunate to have a group of kind sponsors here in this country. Students at a college in the United States sponsor Slamet through the Christian Children's Fund. With their help, Slamet is enrolled in the only school for the visually handicapped in his province.

An Umbrella for Grandmother.

Slamet needs help to walk to school. His grandmother is paralyzed in her right arm, but she is devoted to the boy. Even during the heavy monsoon rains, she walks him to school in the morning, and returns again in the afternoon to walk him home.

So, when his sponsors sent a small amount of money as a special gift, Slamet bought a raincoat for himself and an umbrella for his grandmother.

The courses at Slamet's school are similar to those at other schools. But the students learn to read and write Indonesian braille.



In the afternoon, the girls and boys enjoy crafts, swimming and playing traditional native musical instruments. They are also taught skills that will enable them to support themselves.

At the school Slamet and the other children receive school uniforms, medical care, hearty lunches and nourishing snacks.

Slamet is an appreciative boy. With the love of his family, the help of his sponsor and the special training from his school, Slamet has hopes of living a productive, self-sufficient life.

Slamet has hope. But many other children have little to look forward to.

You Can Give Them a Chance.

They need only a chance. And you can help give them that chance. Your help may make the difference between a life of illiteracy and hopelessness and a life of self-sufficiency and promise.



For \$15 a month, you can begin making that difference.

When you sponsor a child through CCF, you will be sent your sponsored child's photograph, name and mailing address. You will also receive information about his project and the kind of help he is getting.

You can get to know the boy or girl you sponsor by exchanging letters. (Children unable to write are assisted by family members or staff workers.) In this person-to-person way, you can give the child encouragement and hope.

Please, fill out the coupon, and begin helping a needy child. Thanks so much.

Sponsors urgently needed in Brazil, India, Guatemala, Indonesia, Kenya and Thailand.

We will be glad to send you a summary financial statement upon request.

Write today:

Dr. Verent J. Mills

CHRISTIAN CHILDREN'S FUND, Inc.

Box 26511, Richmond, Va. 23261

I want to sponsor a ☐ boy ☐ girl in (Country) _____

☐ Choose any child who needs my help. I will pay \$15 a month. I enclose first payment of \$_____. Please send me child's name, mailing address and photograph.

I can't sponsor a child now but I do want to give \$_____.

☐ Please send me more information.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Member of International Union for Child Welfare, Geneva. Gifts are tax deductible. Canadian: Write 1407 Yonge, Toronto 7.

TI 3980



After years of moving, Andrew Harold finally got someplace.

Andrew was always a careful man. And in the moving business, that certainly has its advantages. Of course, it's also the reason he took his time putting an ad in the Yellow Pages. Once he did though, his struggling years were over.

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NEW YORK SHOPPERS TRYING ON MINIBAGS FROM NECK & SHOULDER

MODERN LIVING

Baglets

If "less is more," in Architect Mies van der Rohe's famed phrase, this winter's new handbags are the most. Smaller than the standard envelope, minibags can be clutched in the hand, slung across a shoulder, hung from the neck or draped from the waist. The smaller the bag, the tinier the tag. One of ten models designed by Manhattan's Shirl Miller, a simple vinyl bagatelle retailing for \$8, has sold more than 1 million. Other designs in more elegant materials can cost upwards of \$100. The boom in bags has puzzled its beneficiaries. Says Bloomingdale's Fashion Director Janina Willner: "Sales have been phenomenal, and price seems to be no object. Honestly, I don't quite understand it because, you know, you can't put too much into it."

Cargo Space. Designer Vera Maxwell admits that the minibags "seemed terribly impractical to me at first." But, she adds, "we've finally come down to a great simplicity in clothes. The emphasis is on casual elegance. We all want something understated, not too authoritarian, and these bags work perfectly." Happily for Maxwell, her Ultrasuede dresses have been big sellers this year, in her view. Ultrasuede minibags "are just the solution for waste." And for crime. Most minis hardly hold more than mad money and a comb, but when attached to the body they make a difficult target for purse snatchers. And, they simplify the straphanger's life: the commuter with a mini can actually read a book on the way to work. If a woman decides one mini has insufficient cargo

space, she can belt on two or three.

Also known as bagettes and bicycle bags, the minis were first shown with the fall resort-wear collections in Manhattan and Paris. The mini with the most has been Paris-based Kenzo's design. Made of suede, leather or printed cotton, Kenzo's flat half-circle with a snap-down flap has sold millions in copies by Miller, Pappagallo and others. A made-in-Colombia macramé necklace pouch by Kathy McKeany (\$5) is expected to be a sellout when it reaches stores across the country this week. More ornate minis include Bagatelle Creations' snakeskin square with bow-tied front flap and shoulder strap (\$45). Fendi's burgundy suede pouch on matching belt (\$85) and a basket for the neck, from Japan or China, that sells for only \$1.50 at San Francisco's Obiko Boutique. A detachable black leather pouch, originally designed by Manhattan's Ruzo for the U.S. ski team (both sexes), hangs from either a canvas belt or a shoulder strap. Other designs include squares of velvet, printed velvet, cantans, hand-painted leather boxes and oblongs of beads.

Unlike "crazy socks," last winter's fun fling, baglets are selling mostly to fashion-conscious women between the ages of 20 and 40. They should be around, say department-store buyers, at least until next spring. New York Designer Albert Capraro is so confident of the vogue that he has designed minis for tunics, jumpsuits, sundresses, pajamas and long gowns. "They are very sexy," he says. "Toward evening when they are slung lower on the hips, they are even sexier."

SCIENCE

The Oldest Man

When Anthropologists Louis Leakey and his wife Mary began their search for man's origins in the 1930s, they paused briefly in a dry, remote region of Tanzania called Laetoli (after the Masai name for a hardy regional flower). The area's volcanic ash yielded fossils of many extinct creatures, but none that were even vaguely human. So the Leakeys continued their work at a more promising site, some 25 miles to the north in neighboring Kenya, called Olduvai Gorge. There they found the remains of hominid creatures that pushed man's lineage back to some 2 million years ago—at least a million years farther into the dark shadows of prehistory than had previously been suspected.

Last week Mary Leakey announced fresh findings that set man's genesis even deeper in the distant past. The evidence comes not from Olduvai but from Laetoli. Returning there after her husband's death in 1972, on a hunch "we didn't look hard enough," she began uncovering jawbones and teeth that seemed clearly human: that is, they belonged to the genus *Homo* (or true man), rather than to man-apes (like *Australopithecus*, who once was thought to be the forerunner of man but is now regarded as a possible evolutionary dead end). One clue was the teeth, which showed that the creatures were meat eaters. By the time she finished her collecting last summer, she had discovered bones from no fewer than eight adults and three children. "But we did not appreciate their significance until just last month," Leakey told a press conference in Washington last week. That was when University of California scientists at Berkeley finished radioactive dating of the volcanic ash in which the fossils were found. It revealed that they were from 3.35 million to 3.75 million years old.

Close Kin. If the bones do indeed belong to a true *Homo*, they provide one more link in a growing chain of evidence that indicates man's direct ancestors were stalking Africa's savannas—walking upright, perhaps hunting and using tools—as long as 4 million years ago. In 1972, following in his parents' footsteps, Richard Leakey discovered a nearly complete manlike skull at nearby Lake Rudolf in Kenya that is at least 2.6 million years old. More recently, Carl Johanson of Cleveland's Case Western Reserve University, digging in Ethiopia's bleak Awash Valley, discovered a manlike jawbone that seems to be well over 3 million years old (TIME, Dec. 2, 1974). If all these creatures are in fact close kin, they would, in Mary Leakey's words, be people "not unlike ourselves," though not much more than 5 ft. tall and with much shorter life spans and somewhat smaller brains.

Functional Fantasy

Of all the aspects of 19th century culture to be rehabilitated, Beaux-Arts architecture was the last to come back. Art Nouveau glass is now more respectable than Renaissance majolica; the despised salon painters of the Third Empire are on show in the museums again. But it is still a surprise to find Manhattan's Museum of Modern Art displaying as its big architectural exhibition of the season a group of 200 renderings of designs and archaeological reconstructions by 19th century students at the Paris Ecole des Beaux-Arts. The thrust of modern architectural education has been to annihilate the Beaux-Arts, to make it impossible to look with respect at the public style of French architecture between 1820 and 1900.

MOMA itself, as ark of the post-Bauhaus covenant, played no small part in this. The Beaux-Arts had to die so modernism might live. Its death was as necessary to the illusions of "functionalism" and "freedom" that developed around the glass-and-grid international style as the murdered Czar was to Stalin. The theologians of modern architecture, led by Le Corbusier and Mies van der Rohe, kept tearing into it with fury long after economics had killed it. Official 19th century buildings, we learned, were extravagances, inhumanly axial, prodigally wasteful and blind to the technology of their age. Unlike the Eiffel Tower and other "true" prophetic structures of the 19th century, they were the end of the line. Nothing could be developed from them. Less was more: and so the glass



EDOUARD LOVIOT'S BEAUX-ARTS RECONSTRUCTION OF ATHENS PARTHENON, 1881

walls of Mies were supposed to symbolize freedom and democracy, whereas the richness of visual choice in Charles Garnier's design for the Paris Opéra—or, for that matter, New York City's Grand Central Station—was thought indecent and dictatorial.

Massive Spaces. These pieties evaporate with time, especially when the international style is itself dead. But for the past decade at least, a Beaux-Arts influence has reasserted itself in architecture, mainly through the massive Roman spaces of the late Louis Kahn (*TIME*, Jan. 15, 1973). There is a renewed interest in the iconography of such buildings—in their spaces and ornament, and what they can tell about the utterly remote 19th century. The MOMA show, organized by Arthur Drexler, director of the museum's department of architecture and design, is the first guide to it in more than half a century. At last one is allowed to think about the Beaux-Arts again.

The student riots of May 1968 closed the Ecole des Beaux-Arts for good. By then it scarcely mattered. But from 1819, when it rose from the wreckage of the royal academies, until 1900 it dominated world architecture. It gave no degrees, but to call oneself an *ancien élève de l'Ecole des Beaux-Arts* counted for more than a degree. It was the school, and its power over taste was nearly absolute. Students were expected to do vast and elaborate reconstructions of classical buildings, brought to an incredible pitch of finish. There is probably not an architect alive who could equal the renderings of Edouard Loviot's Parthenon reconstruction of 1881 (see cut). One drawing in the show, by Jean-Camille Formignié, is over 20 feet long—a railway station, shown down to the last shadow under the last rivet.

Such projects, though for "contemporary" buildings—bourses, railroad buildings and other temples of the new technocratic capitalism—have a curiously unreal air. They are paper architecture inhabiting imaginary space. How, one wonders, could they prepare a student for design in the real world? Yet they did, for the "real world" of 19th

century French architecture was very different from today's. To us, architecture means anything built, from a cottage to a town. But in France, *l'architecture* was the design of large public buildings, usually erected by the state. New buildings were symbols of official ego, but also were intended as public display. They were designed for a self-confident bourgeoisie convinced it had inherited the earth. The decorations, the swags and massive vaults, the palatial baroque of the Beaux-Arts—all conspired to suggest to those who used the buildings that, in Drexler's words, "they were the reason for the Republic."

Beaux-Arts design was various. Its major works run from the quiet classicism of Charles Percier's arcades along the Rue de Rivoli—one of the stateliest parade grounds in the world—to the exuberance of Garnier's Opéra. But there was always a concern (surprising as it must sound after the years of propaganda) for functional clarity, and it shows in the superbly detailed drawings that make up the show at MOMA.

Ritual Movement. The plan ruled: processional axes, broken by sudden revelations of mass and space. The public, pronounced one Beaux-Arts professor, "need never ask the way in a good plan." Ideally, one was carried forward by the logic of the plan as, at a play, one was swept along by the plot. The buildings were meant to unfold. This feeling for ritual movement, the promenade, would almost disappear from architecture in the 20th century; and yet it was functional. Garnier was one of the last to recognize that fantasy and ceremonial had valid roles in secular architecture. People did not just go to the opera to see performance; they went to enjoy a ritual called "going to the opera." In the Paris Opéra, Garnier enshrined that ritual. "How large should the foyer be?" he enquired in a book, *Le Théâtre*, written four years before the Opéra opened in 1875. "To answer this question we must study how people promenade..." What person, trapped in our landscape of grids, would not feel a secret nostalgia at those considerate words?

Robert Hughes



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INSETS: BISHOPS LAMY & MACHEBEUF AGAINST A BACKGROUND OF SANTA FE, CIRCA 1860

BOOKS

The Original

LAMY OF SANTA FE

by PAUL HORGAN

523 pages. Farrar, Straus & Giroux.

\$15.

Half a century ago, Willa Cather gave American literature a classic, *Death Comes for the Archbishop*. Only Cather's art kept her protagonists credible: there are few greater incongruities than French Catholic missionaries set down in the deserts of the Southwest.

Yet the priests were based in fact. The archbishop of the title, whom Cather called Jean Marie Latour, was the quixotic Jean Baptiste Lamy, first Bishop of Santa Fe. His affable Sancho Panza, Joseph Vaillant in the novel, was Joseph Machebeuf, later Bishop of Denver. After decades of research, Paul Horgan, novelist and Pulitzer-prizewinning historian (*Great River*), has attempted to separate the fictive from the actual. His triumph is due as much to a sense of place as to discernment of character. In his account, the shimmering, arid plateaus and the indomitable Gallic spirit are as palpable as they were in the novel—and as compelling.

"There is properly no history," wrote Emerson, "only biography." To reconstruct the New Mexican frontier of the 1860s, Horgan concentrates on Lamy. In the novel, the bishop experienced a constant inner joy: "He always awoke a young man . . . One could breathe that [air] only on the bright edges of the world, on the great grass plains or the

sagebrush desert." Horgan testifies to Lamy's love of Western saddle life, but concedes a sadder truth: "If he had any capacity to express exalted feeling, he left no record of it."

Still, if the cleric was taciturn, he was also a man of action. "Assure your salvation by your good deeds," he counseled his flock, and his life was a succession of such visible labors. When he came to Santa Fe, Lamy faced a diocese of 236,000 sq. mi.—larger than France. A mere dozen Mexican priests were in attendance, some of them living in open concubinage. The neglected adobe churches were crumbling into ruin before their eyes.

Prairie King. To this lapsed society Lamy brought a civilizer's temperament and a proconsul's firm hand. He and Machebeuf had been reared during the reaction against anticlericalism that followed the French Revolution. Both welcomed the mental authority accompanying the westward reach of empire. Though Lamy by no means condoned the military's campaign of extermination against the Apaches and Navajos, he viewed the tribesmen as murderous savages. When his own wagon train was attacked at an Arkansas River crossing in 1867, he and the caravan's military leader shared command in the kind of seven-hour battle beloved by Western film makers. Throughout, the bishop consciously joined in the rifle fire.

Indians were not Lamy's most formidable opponents. He and Machebeuf had come to Santa Fe in the wake of the Mexican War, only a few years af-

ter the U.S. Army. To the Mexicans of the new territory, the Frenchmen were simply invaders in different uniforms. When Lamy suspended Padre Gallegos of Albuquerque for insubordination, the popular priest stood for election to the U.S. Congress. There he ceaselessly pilloried his enemy. Padre Martinez, a pastor who ruled Taos like a prairie king, refused to be tithed by the new bishop. After an agonized power struggle, Lamy excommunicated his adversary in 1857. Martinez, recalcitrant to the end, gathered a loyal band of followers who stayed with him till he died.

Horgan's elegant, periodic prose, reminiscent of the 19th century histories of Prescott and Parkman, is at its most eloquent during these confrontations of culture. Horgan views the rebel Martinez as a tragic figure, lost "in the ashes of the old consuming conflict, in the pathos of learned agonies spent in a footless cause." The author also brings rich life to less dramatic episodes: his long, detailed accounts of the journeys over trackless desert and plateau develop a hypnotic rhythm of their own. Even minor ecclesiastical skirmishes are brilliantly employed—Lamy's exasperation with Vatican bureaucracy simultaneously reveals his ego and his humility: "The Roman *piano*, *piano* does not suit the bishop of the Navajos."

The bishop was a formidable opponent, but he was an astonishingly gentle proconsul who could intervene at St. Vincent's Hospital to let a suffering Taos Indian return to his people, or journey to the bedside of a fever-stricken old wom-

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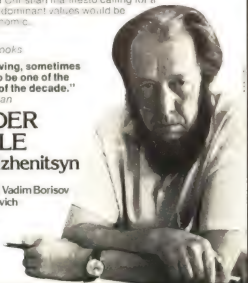
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and Mikhail Agursky
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Introduction by Max Hayward
Translated under the direction
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BOOKS

an to feed her slices of roasted apple. His one personal indulgence was gardening: he became Santa Fe's Johnny Appleseed, importing shade trees, fruits and vegetables, which he shared with the entire countryside. He cultivated the arts as well: diocesan schools taught not only languages, history and mathematics but also music as a regular part of the curriculum. He even sponsored material progress: when the railroad threatened to bypass Santa Fe, Lamy joined a group to raise capital for a spur.

When death finally did come for the archbishop in 1888, when he was 73, Santa Fe—and Lamy himself—had changed. "Bishop Juan," as his requiem Mass called him, was mourned by Indian, Mexican and Eastern American alike. "It was," reports Horgan at the conclusion of this superb biography, "the end of a fine day."

Maya Mohs

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BOOKS

never dared to consider, can be found in Gershon Legman's obsessive—and useful—collection of sexual and scatological humor. The first 811-page volume by the world's leading scholar on the subject was published in 1968 (Grove Press). Bound in nursery-blue covers, the book is suitable for mixed company. Volume II is clad in outhouse brown and concentrates on what Legman calls the "nasty nasties," divided under the headings Homosexuality, Prostitution, Sex and Money, Disease and Disgust, Castration, Dysphemism and Insults.

Libidinous Filth. Out of their locker-room context, where hidden anxieties and hostilities trip the giggle reflex, the jokes are not at all funny. Even to Legman they are shocking. "The book is full of material so disgusting that it will make any decent, clean, healthy person want to throw up," he declares. Why then did he spend 41 years collecting and writing the text that accompanies these Augean sweepings of the human psyche? Legman tells us that he began his harvest as a teen-ager in Scranton, Pa., where he was born in 1918. "I got myself in the habit," he recalls, "to top my own father, a notable teller of tales." The psychoanalytically inclined may draw their own conclusions. But it is fairly clear that Legman enjoys a magnificent case of outraged moralism and is trying to housebreak his readers by rubbing their noses in libidinous filth.

As editor of *Neurotica*, a daring little Freudian quarterly of the late '40s, Legman published his polemical essays attacking violence in comic books. He was an early critic of censorship that allows children to watch dramatizations of murder and mayhem but prevents them from seeing people making love. Lenny Bruce frequently goaded his nightclub audiences with the same point. Legman, never one to be upstaged by a comic, now claims authorship of the slogan "Make Love Not War."

The *Neurotica* essays were later published together as *Love and Death*, which has had considerable influence on many social and literary critics, most notably Leslie Fiedler (*Love and Death in the American Novel*). But Legman is no advocate of the so-called new freedom. The sex practiced in *Last Tango in Paris* revolted him no less than the plastic horrors of *Jaws*.

Back in the early '50s, the U.S. Post Office found *Love and Death* obscene and refused to deliver mail to Legman's Bronx home—a small, rundown cottage furnished ceiling to floor with books and cats. Shortly thereafter, he and his wife packed their belongings, including one of the world's largest private collections of erotic and scatological literature, and moved to France. Since the death of his wife in 1966, he has remarried and fathered three children. The Legman home is on fifteen acres in Valbonne.

Legman has remained in Europe, with the exception of a misspent year teaching at the San Diego campus of the



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BOSCH'S GARDEN OF DELIGHTS
Nasty nasties.

University of California in 1964-65. His principal subject was folklore, but his favorite activity seems to have been creating the Legend of Gershon Legman. "The kids would space out, disappear," he says. "I used to burn bonfires of pot in a living-room grate. The campus was rotten with drugs. At one stage, I got banned from speaking to the students because I ran two courses called Orgasm I and Orgasm II. They were about literature. If it had been Violence I and II, there would have been no problem."

Pocked Dignity. Legman's revenge was *Fake Revolt* (1967), an overheated assault on the youth rebellion. "COOL," he concluded, "is the new venerable disease." Despite such desert-prophet eruptions, Legman's scholarship continued. *The Limerick* is a massive accumulation of the world's most suggestive examples. *The Horn Book* contains studies in erotic folklore. *The Guilt of the Templars* is about heresy and sexual perversion in the medieval order of the Knights Templar. *Ora genitalism* is an elegantly written and anything but smutty study subtitled "Oral Techniques in Genital Excitation." Legman is also an authority on origami, which is not a sexual technique but the gentle Japanese art of paper folding.

It is as the Diderot of the dirty joke that Legman will be best remembered although *Rationale* contains enough ravings against the inauthenticities of popular culture to earn him another title

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Marshall Field & Company

You're never sticking your neck out with a Litronix calculator

Being Count Dracula isn't as easy as you think. Like always having to go out at night. And never having any lasting friends. And Velma gets nervous every time I'm mentioned at the Flood Bank.

But since I got my new Litronix calculator, my business is flowing smoothly. My neck doesn't ache from the Transylvanian IRS leaves me with no time to hunt for new depositors.

My only problem is the delicious Big Red Numbers on the display make me so hungry I lose control. I ate three calculators last week!

It's a little embarrassing, but Litronix understands. They'll replace my calculator for one full year UNCONDITIONALLY, no questions asked, no matter what happens to it.

Thanks to me, Count Dracula counts on a Litronix. And you're never sticking your neck out with a Litronix calculator. The calculator with the Big Red Numbers.



litronix

LITRONIX INC., 19000 Homestead Rd., Cupertino, CA 95014

UNCONDITIONALLY GUARANTEED FOR ONE FULL YEAR

You, too, can now build a retirement nest egg - with tax-deferred dollars

The "magic" of Fairfield's compounded interest

The amount you put into your Fairfield Savings Individual Retirement Account every year multiplies by leaps and bounds, as is vividly shown by the table below. The "secret"—Fairfield's nonstop compounded interest which adds extra dollars most generously to your retirement nest egg.

The table below assumes that you will contribute the allowed maximum of \$1,500 every year.

| ANNUAL RATE | TERM | ACCUMULATED INTEREST | TOTAL IN ACCOUNT AT YEAR-END |
|-------------|----------|----------------------|------------------------------|
| 5.25% | 10 years | \$ 5,208.80 | \$20,208.80 |
| | 15 years | 12,524.40 | 35,024.40 |
| | 20 years | 24,254.45 | 54,254.45 |
| | 25 years | 41,714.24 | 79,214.24 |
| 5.75% | 10 years | 5,810.48 | 20,810.48 |
| | 15 years | 14,115.66 | 36,615.66 |
| | 20 years | 27,642.33 | 57,642.33 |
| | 25 years | 48,115.47 | 85,615.47 |
| 6.50% | 10 years | 6,753.32 | 21,753.32 |
| | 15 years | 16,667.15 | 39,167.15 |
| | 20 years | 33,205.52 | 63,205.52 |
| | 25 years | 58,888.50 | 96,388.50 |
| 6.75% | 10 years | 7,078.74 | 22,078.74 |
| | 15 years | 17,564.10 | 40,064.10 |
| | 20 years | 35,198.60 | 65,198.60 |
| | 25 years | 62,824.04 | 100,324.04 |
| 7.50% | 10 years | 8,090.04 | 23,090.04 |
| | 15 years | 20,404.07 | 42,904.07 |
| | 20 years | 41,633.37 | 71,633.37 |
| | 25 years | 75,789.36 | 113,289.36 |
| 7.75% | 10 years | 8,439.17 | 23,439.17 |
| | 15 years | 21,402.86 | 43,902.86 |
| | 20 years | 43,940.33 | 73,940.33 |
| | 25 years | 80,530.59 | 118,030.59 |

"Retirement" is not the most popular word in our language. Young or old, it seems nobody likes to think too much about it. But the fact is that no one has yet been able to stop time. So that retirement day will be here sooner than you think, even if you're still in your twenties.

What then? Well, for retirement starters, how would you like to get a check for \$118,030.59? Not when you're 65, but when you're only 59½! Even the most generous employer won't give it to you, but a Fairfield Individual Retirement Account (IRA) will. (See table on the left.)

The IRA was established by the Employee Retirement Income Security Act of 1974, and Fairfield Savings will be glad to open one for you. Under this plan, the law allows you to set aside up to \$1,500 of your earned income every year—provided you don't have a pension or profit-sharing plan already. The sum is tax deductible and the interest your money earns in an IRA is not taxed until retirement, when you'll most likely be in a much lower tax bracket. And, as we've mentioned, you can start withdrawing your money (in lump sum or periodic payments) as early as age 59½.

But get all the details at Fairfield. See one of our savings counselors or give us a call. You've got everything to gain and nothing to lose but those retirement blues. Act today and you'll be able to retire in style when that day eventually comes.

A Fairfield IRA—because Social Security is not enough.

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Malcolm Hereford was an inventive and crusty old hedonist who made his fortune breeding bulls.

A stubborn man, he did things to his liking, regardless. He liked "strong drink." But not its taste. Or its smell. So, he did as only he would do.

He turned his considerable resources to creating drinks to please all the senses.

He succeeded with a blend of natural flavors and grain neutral spirits.

Each is spirited.
Each pleasant tasting.
Each pleasing to the eye.
And each smooth and light to the palate.

Once done, and with the final iconoclastic twist of wit,

he named them "COWS."

We heard of Malcolm's private "herd."

And found them to be a delicious and spirited new breed of drink.

So, with Malcolm's blessing, we've turned them loose.

Try them on-the-rocks or chilled. You'll discover one thing for sure:

A Cow-on-the-rocks is not a bum steer.



INTRODUCING MALCOLM HEREFORD'S 30 PROOF COWS.

The Spirited New Breed of Drink.



Shelter.

America's construction industry is in the doldrums. Due in part to the short supply of money. The side effects of a slow-down in this critical industry are obvious; and so is the effect on the consumer, in both financial and human terms.

But money for construction is still available from BankAmerica Corporation through its subsidiaries. In 1974 we were the largest mortgage money lender in the country — despite the general shortage of loan funds.

One of our subsidiary companies, and certainly the largest, is Bank of America. Mortgage money is available through our bank's 1,000 offices throughout California, including \$200 million for home loans to the disadvantaged. And among our many other companies is BA Mortgage Company, Inc. and its divisions in Atlanta, Chicago, Dallas, Denver, Kansas City, Miami and Minneapolis.

Each of our mortgage divisions has sufficient autonomy to function properly, profitably, and responsively to the well-being of its local area. But all are a part of the BankAmerica Corporate family whose policies and interests are inextricably tied to the well-being and growth of the total American economy.

We feel we can help that economy by providing funds for the efficient production of the greatest number of housing units in the shortest possible time, including the increasing need for multiple dwelling units.

No single financial organization, even one with the strength of our \$60 billion in resources, can make more than a modest impact on so large and complex a situation.

But in all that we do we shall remain sensitive to the needs of every segment of our society.

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Worldwide banking, mortgage banking, insurance, leasing, merchant banking, travelers cheques, data processing, consumer finance, and more.

What makes Canadian Club and V.O. good, makes O.F.C. better.



Time is what makes
good, better.

That's why every drop
of O.F.C. Prime Canadian
Whisky is aged for a full
eight years.

Canadian Club and V.O.
are aged only six years.
Check the labels.

But two years is more
than just a difference you
can read on a label. You
can taste it in a glass.

So why settle for good,
when there's better? Enjoy
Bottled in Canada O.F.C..

**Canadian
O.F.C.**
It's two years better.



Aged 8 years

—the Carrie Nation of kitsch. He is also the Joe McCarthy of heterosexuality who looks for gays under every bed, a man who professes to love woman but whose opinions reveal a lover of the Victorian idea of Woman, and a Jeremiah who sees the world ending in nuclear war or a fecal flood of pollution.

Throughout *Rationale*, Legman is concerned with a transcendent purity every bit as excessive and unattainable as the perfect body cleanliness of the deodorant-happy culture he abhors. His views on the psychological roots of dirty jokes, while delivered with ingenuity, verve and color (Legman will always call a spade a goddam shovel), belong to the Freudian orthodoxy as laid down by the master in *Jokes and Their Relation to the Unconscious* (1905).

Trying to be more Freudian than Sigmund, Legman plays many variations on his single theme: smut springs from unconscious fears and rages and is usually directed by males against females. His illustrations on the war between the sexes range from the earliest skirmishes to a cocktail-party confrontation: a beautiful woman propositions a man. "My place or yours?" he asks. "If it's going to be such a hassle for you," she replies, "forget it."

Rationale of the Dirty Joke is an undeniable presence, a work of majestic ego that was weathered by new attitudes and ideas long before completion. In the future, it will be plundered, measured and thumbed through for titillation. But the book will remain impervious in all its pocked dignity, authenticity and embattled romanticism. **R. Z. Sheppard**

Best Sellers

FICTION

- 1—*Ragtime*, Doctorow (1 last week)
- 2—*Curtain*, Christie (2)
- 3—*Looking for Mr. Goodbar*, Rassner (3)
- 4—*Humboldt's Gift*, Bellow (5)
- 5—*Shogun*, Clavell (4)
- 6—*The Eagle Has Landed*, Higgins (6)
- 7—*The Moneychangers*, Hailey (8)
- 8—*The Greek Treasure*, Stone (7)
- 9—*Cockpit*, Kaskas (10)
- 10—*Circus*, MacLean (9)

NONFICTION

- 1—*Sylvia Porter's Money Book*, Porter (1)
- 2—*Power! Korda* (4)
- 3—*Winning Through Intimidation*, Ringer (2)
- 4—*Bring On the Empty Horses*, Niven (7)
- 5—*TM: Discovering Inner Energy and Overcoming Stress*, Bloomfield, Cain & Jaffe (3)
- 6—*Money*, Gailbraith (5)
- 7—*Total Fitness*, Morehouse & Gross (6)
- 8—*The Save-Your-Life Diet*, Reuben
- 9—*The Relaxation Response*, Benson
- 10—*The Great Railway Bazaar*, Theroux (8)

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"Yamaha's scale designs are the best, too. They sound mellow without being mushy, and bright without being harsh."

"And when you're talking about modern piano design, Yamaha is the leader. They've got

—Francis Mahaffey, P.T.G., Claremont, California

a great research department that's constantly experimenting, redesigning, and improving their instruments."

"The exclusive Yamaha Service Bond provides that every new Yamaha piano gets a complete regulation by a professional plus two free tunings."

"No wonder Yamaha produces the best instrument you can buy today for the money."

When there's a better piano to be made, Yamaha will make it.

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Retired from the Los Angeles Police Department, Joseph Wambaugh is finally free to tell what being a cop is really like—the on-duty battles with psychopaths, killers, and departmental bureaucrats; and the off-duty "choir practice" involving liquor, sex, and more dangerous pastimes.

Darkly funny, often shocking—and always real

—THE CHOIRBOYS is the most compelling and controversial novel yet by the author of *The New Centurions*, *The Blue Knight*, and *The Onion Field*.

The Choirboys
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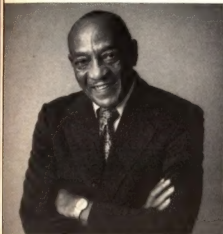
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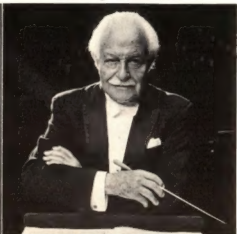
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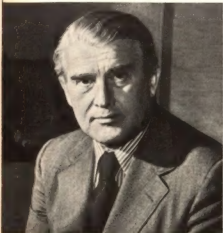
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EUGENE FODOR

HOME: Turkey Creek, Colorado

AGE: 24

PROFESSION: Concert violinist

HOBBIES: Scuba diving, horseback riding, jogging, skiing.

MOST MEMORABLE BOOK: Melville's 'Moby Dick'

LAST ACCOMPLISHMENT: The first violinist from the Western world to win the International Tchaikovsky Competition in Moscow, probably the world's most prestigious musical contest.

QUOTE: "Concentrated preparation for musical performances should be tempered with physical conditioning."

PROFILE: Enthusiastic and hard-working. His informality and love of the outdoors combined with his technical virtuosity make him a fresh and appealing figure in the musical world.

SCOTCH: Dewar's "White Label"®



Authentic. There are more than a thousand ways to blend whiskies in Scotland, but few are authentic enough for Dewar's "White Label." The quality standards established in 1846 have never varied. Into each drop go only the finest whiskies from the Highlands, the Lowlands, the Hebrides.

Dewar's never varies.

TV service technicians name Zenith for the two things you want most in color TV.

I. Best Picture.

In a recent nationwide survey of independent TV service technicians, Zenith was named, more than any other brand, as the color TV with the best picture.

Question: In general, of the color TV brands you are familiar with, which one would you say has the best overall picture?

Answers:

| | |
|---------------------|------------|
| Zenith | 36% |
| Brand A..... | 20% |
| Brand B..... | 10% |
| Brand C..... | 7% |
| Brand D..... | 6% |
| Brand E..... | 3% |
| Brand F..... | 2% |
| Brand G..... | 2% |
| Brand H..... | 2% |
| Brand I..... | 1% |
| Other Brands..... | 3% |
| About Equal..... | 11% |
| Don't Know..... | 4% |

Note: Answers total over 100% due to multiple responses.

II. Fewest Repairs.

In the same survey, the service technicians named Zenith as the color TV needing the fewest repairs. By more than 2-to-1 over the next brand.

Question: In general, of the color TV brands you are familiar with, which one would you say requires the fewest repairs?

Answers:

| | |
|---------------------|------------|
| Zenith | 38% |
| Brand A..... | 15% |
| Brand C..... | 8% |
| Brand D..... | 4% |
| Brand B..... | 3% |
| Brand I..... | 2% |
| Brand F..... | 2% |
| Brand E..... | 2% |
| Brand G..... | 1% |
| Brand H..... | 1% |
| Other Brands..... | 4% |
| About Equal..... | 14% |
| Don't Know..... | 9% |

We're proud of our record of building dependable, quality products. But if it should ever happen that a Zenith product doesn't live up to your expectations—or if you want details of the service technicians' survey—write to the Vice President, Consumer Affairs, Zenith Radio Corporation, 1900 N. Austin Avenue, Chicago, IL 60639.

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